"ONE FOR HIS NUT," SAYS GRAN'POP.—BY LAWSON WOOD.

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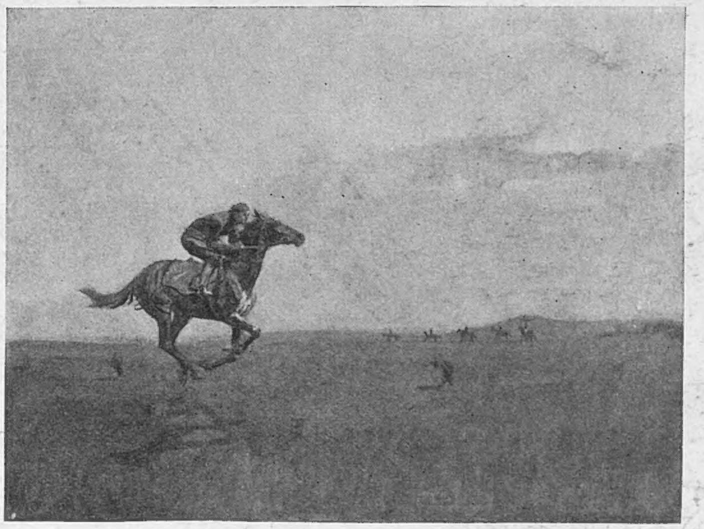

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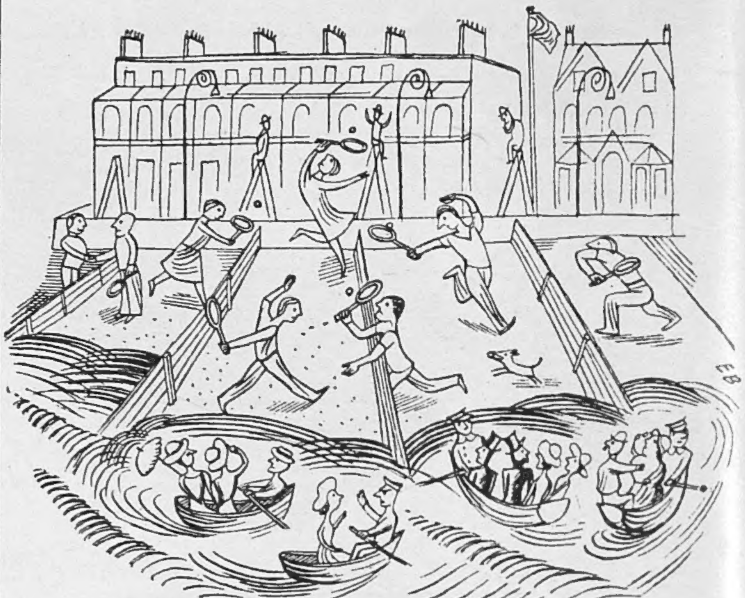

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The Sketch

No. 2166.—Vol. CLXVII. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED DANIELS.

LELY'S NELL GWYN BY ANNA NEAGLE.

MISS ANNA NEAGLE plays the title-rôle in the British and Dominions picture "Nell Gwyn," directed by Mr. Herbert Wilcox. She is here posed as Lely's famous picture, and achieves a very good imitation of the plump seventeenth-century espièglerie always associated with "pretty witty Nelly." Sir Cedric Hardwicke is the Charles II. The picture has been shown in New York and will soon have its London première.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

SAND.

IT 'S all very well, but there are drawbacks. I yield to nobody in my admiration for the health-giving, tan-giving, and sleep-giving qualities of the seaside, but I do humbly suggest that there are drawbacks. And the greatest of these is *sand*.

Sand is a very remarkable substance. Scientists inform me that it consists of ground-up rocks. I am not prepared to dispute this opinion, but I frankly do not understand when and how there were ever enough rocks to supply all the sand which I have eaten, from time to time, in sandwiches and other articles of diet at the seaside. However, I do not wish to quibble; whatever its origin, there the sand is, in incalculable quantities. It has many uses. Suitably warmed by the sun, it forms a very pleasant resting-place, moulding itself to the form in a very convenient manner. It is excellent building material, especially for castles of original pattern; and, when castles begin to pall, it will, with extraordinary versatility, convert itself into culinary material, providing (with the aid of a bucket) puddings, pies, and cakes of solid proportions. Only yesterday, I spent much energy and imagination in beautifying a portion of our coast with a chain of alternate castles and puddings, and it hurt me a little when those for whose entertainment I had laboured professed themselves unable to distinguish between the castles and the puddings. I like to think that it was not the architect, but the incoming tide, which was to blame.

THE HOSTESS OF THE ELABORATE PICNIC: "Don't you feel that unconventional parties like this give one a real insight into the romance of unfettered gypsy life?"

DRAWN BY MACBEA.

A great quality of sand is its readiness to take impressions. You can, notoriously, leave footprints on it for the benefit of some shipwrecked brother; and we all know what an epoch was marked when Man Friday left his spoor upon the beach. But footprints are the least interesting impressions which sand will take; you can, for instance, use it as a medium for a Neo-Futurist sketch of Mummy or Daddy or even a Portrait of the Artist. It is sad that the innumerable sand-sketches now being made round our shores cannot be collected and preserved; they would certainly found a new School or Movement, which would have many followers in Bloomsbury and Hammersmith. If, lacking artistic impulse, you do not wish to draw on sand, you can at least write upon it—in particular, you can engrave your own name, though in this matter great and unjust inequalities exist among mortals; for some have names consisting of nice, straight letters which can be dashed off with a few strokes of the spade, while others are cursed from birth with names full of C's and O's and, worst of all, S's. If you are grown up you may perhaps couple your name with that of another, surrounding the two with a decorative border in the shape of a heart; but if you ask Mummy (Nanny, I am afraid, is not infallible in this matter) you will find that you are expected not to grow up into that kind of grown-up.

Again, you can always dig in sand, and it has the great advantage over those places in the garden where you have searched for hidden treasure that you will seldom dig in vain. If you do not bring up an interesting piece of a shell or an amusing portion of cuttle-fish, you are pretty certain to strike an old boot or a sardine-tin. I know where the sardine-tins come from—they come from people who all ought to be doing penal servitude; but I often marvel at the variety and number of old boots which strew the seashore. I do not think I have ever seen a beach without at least one of these genuine antiques. I believe that sailors, in their hours of ease, must amuse themselves by throwing old boots at sharks. Sailors are also rather good bottle-throwers, and these objects may be found in rich profusion on the ocean-strand; but none of them, in my experience—though I have always gone on hoping—contains a manuscript with a moving tale of shipwreck, desert islands, or piracy on the high seas.

One might mention numerous other valuable characteristics of sand—for example, its many commercial uses, especially in the grocery business, and its convenience for sporting fixtures, from family cricket matches to speed racing. But perhaps its most striking feature is its remarkable penetrating qualities. We hear a good deal nowadays about cosmic rays, which, it is said, penetrate all material substances, however solid; but cosmic rays are simply not in it with ordinary seaside sand. For instance, a thermos flask is as hermetically sealed an object as you can find anywhere in common use; yet sand will instantly penetrate a thermos flask in large quantities, leaving a thick sediment at the bottom of the tea. It inserts itself into the very tissue of every kind of cake, sandwich, or other form of portable sustenance, and I have known it go right through a biscuit-tin and then into the heart of an apple turnover, which I am ready to swear was never brought into contact with it. After a few summers at the seaside, one learns to distinguish between the flavours of different kinds of English sand; personally, being in Devon at the moment, I am becoming quite fond of the south-coast variety, and am prepared to defend it against (say) the less full-bodied flavour of the North Wales beaches, though I have masticated large portions of those in my time.

Is there any note of bitterness in these rambling observations? I hope not; but if a disillusioned tone should have crept in, it is due to the fact that sand is not confined to our sea-girt shore—it is also to be found (a particularly dry, loose, intractable kind) in bunkers on our sea-girt golf-courses. I have just been playing a round, and my hair is full of sand; and when my hair is full of sand, my golf has been full of hooks and slices, and my heart is full of sorrow. That is why I am fed up—with sand. I grit my teeth with rage, and all I grit is—sand.

"ONE FOR HIS NUT," SAYS GRAN'POP.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD, F.Z.S. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

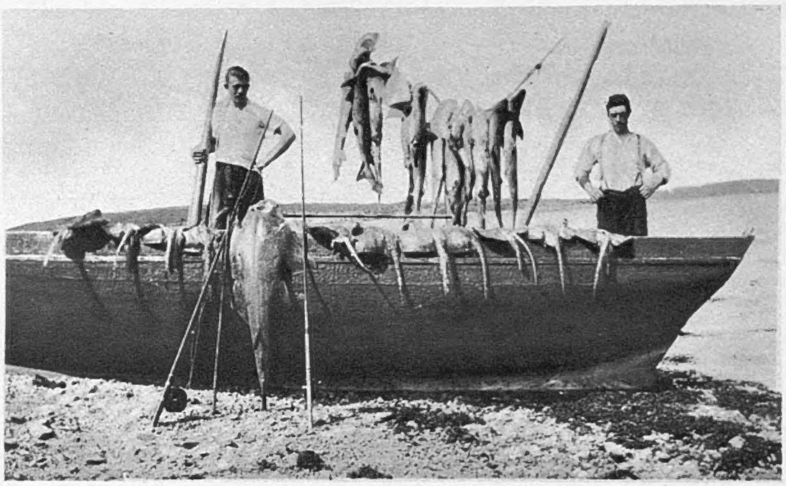
"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

SOME amazing casting was witnessed at the British Fly and Bait Casting Association Tournament at the Crystal Palace on July 21. The Belgian professional M. Godart's reputation for uncanny skill with a 5-oz. trout-rod packed the grandstand with spectators when he went on the platform to compete in the open trout-fly distance event. His method of casting is quite different from the British style, the rod being maintained in a plane almost horizontal with his shoulder, and he works out practically the full cast without touching the water, "shooting" several yards with the final effort. His winning cast of 35 yards was loudly applauded, but he did better than this in practice the previous night, when his best cast measured 39 yards. The British record for single-handed trout-rods, weight unrestricted, is 36 yards, and was made by Mr. H. J. Hardy at the Welsh Harp Tournament in 1910. It is the first time the runner-up, Mr. R. D. Hughes, has been beaten for twenty-one years. Later in the day M. Godart gave another exhibition of his skill with a trout-rod by compiling a great score in the open trout accuracy event, just beating Mr. W. H. Thomas.

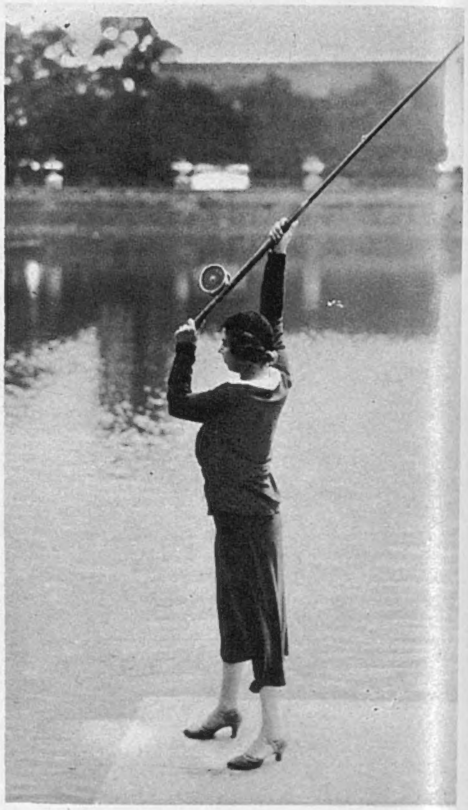
Doughty Deeds of the Bait-Casters.

While M. Godart was putting up a record in the trout-fly distance for rods under 5 oz., a Frenchman, M. Henri Jacquet, made a new record in the ½-oz. bait-casting distance with a magnificent cast of 83 yards 1 ft., completely eclipsing the British record of 65 yards 2 ft. 4 in., made by Mr. H. J. Hardy in 1914. This record was also beaten by another Frenchman, M. Pierre Creusevent, with 68 yards 2 ft. 8 in., and by Mr. F. A. Jacques, with 66 yards 1 ft. 6 in. The champion of this year's meeting was the veteran caster, Mr. D. E. Campbell Muir, who won prizes in his first tournament at the Crystal Palace thirty years ago, and carried off the "Victor Ludorum" Challenge Cup this year.

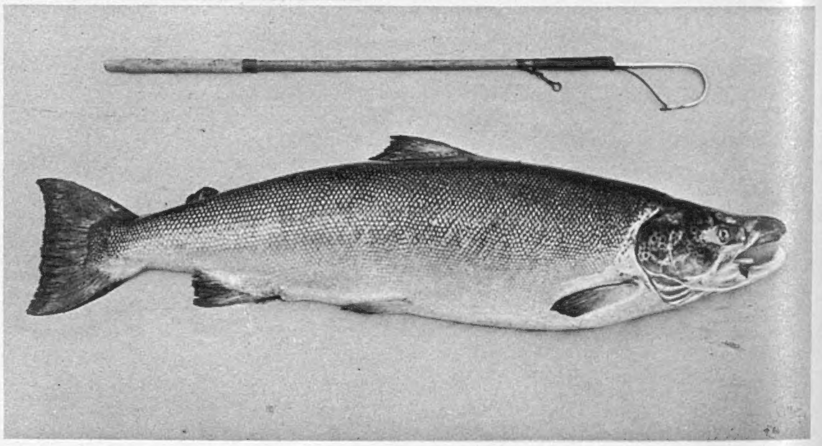
The Hon. Mrs. A. Cooper, who set up a world's record for ladies' salmon-fly distance last year, with 39 yards 9 in., had an easy win this year with 36 yards 2 ft. Mrs. A. F. Bell won the first prize in the ladies' trout-fly distance with a cast of 26 yards 1 ft. After presenting the prizes, Lord Glanusk paid a tribute to the Hon. Sec. of the Association, Mr. M. H. Riesco, and to the committee for their hard work in organising and running the tournament.



This is not a fishmonger's shop; but the result of FIVE HOURS' FISHING by Mr. William W. Hewetson and Mr. Jack Stack in Clew Bay, Westport, Co. Mayo, Ireland, on July 9. The catch included twelve tope (237½ lb.); eleven skate (79½ lb.); and one monk fish (46½ lb.). On the previous Friday the same fishermen had, also in five hours, seven tope (129½ lb.); eight skate (64 lb.); one monk fish (29½ lb.); one conger (18½ lb.); and one small dog-fish (4 lb.). THE TOTAL BAG, FOR TEN HOURS' FISHING, WAS 609 LB. Only eleven mackerel were used for bait.



The HON. MRS. ALASTAIR COOPER was first in the women's salmon-rod event at the British Fly and Bait-Casting Associations Tournament at the Crystal Palace, with a cast of 36 yards 2 ft. She is the sister of Lord Glanusk.



This fine 36-lb. SALMON, with a girth of 23 in. and 47 in. in length, was taken by Mrs. Hilton-Green, wife of Mr. C. Hilton-Green, M.F.H., while fishing in Loch Stack, Sutherland, and BEATS THE PREVIOUS RECORD for the Loch by 6 lb. Mrs. Hilton-Green landed this fine fish on a light grilse rod and cast and an "Invicta" trout fly, after a splendid fight of over an hour.

What Would Charles Cotton Have Thought?

This question entered my head when I heard from a friend in Nottingham that a serious mortality had occurred among the trout and grayling on the Beresford Dale Fishery, River Dove. This is the stretch of the Dove described in Part II. of "The Compleat Angler." Beresford was Cotton's birthplace, to which he retired from his gay life in London when creditors became too pressing. It is said—with what truth no one knows—that he even evaded his creditors by hiding in a cave in the limestone rocks of Beresford Dale. To me, and I am sure to every other angler who has had the privilege of fishing this most delightful stretch of the Dove, and of seeing Cotton's Fishing House, there is something very atrocious in the destruction of its trout and grayling—the weirs for several miles littered with dead fish up to 2 lb. in weight. That the scourge of industrial progress—pollution—should enter this hallowed spot seems like sacrilege, yet the facts point in this direction.

Big Pike Caught on Fine Tackle.

Another triumph for the fixed spool reel and thread-line is reported to me by Mr. C. A. Hopkins, of Wicklow. He was fishing with a 6-ft. light casting rod and Allcock-Stanley reel on Lough Corrib, Co. Galway. Mr. Hopkins was staying on Corrib for the mayfly season, but this was so bad that he amused himself spinning with light tackle. He had caught a number of perch and five pike from 3 lb. to 8 lb., when he struck something very much heavier. After twenty-five minutes' play, in which the fish on one occasion ran out nearly all the line on the reel, Mr. Hopkins managed to beach the pike, which was far too big for his trout landing-net. When weighed, it proved to be a 25-pounder, and had taken the same small spoon on which the perch and other pike were killed.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

Mr. Warren Hastings had a 5-lb. trout in Caversham pool recently, making his total of Thames trout this season sixteen fish; total weight, about 57 lb.

A salmon of 14 lb. was picked up in a dyke off the River Yare, at Brundall, a few miles from Norwich.

Lieut.-Col. Villiers caught a magnificent brown trout of 12 lb. in Loch Garry recently.

R. L. MARSTON.

PLAYING FOR THE PLAYING FIELDS.

1. An open meeting in aid of the National Playing Fields Association was held at ASHRIDGE GOLF CLUB. It has a most attractive club-house.

2. MR. BRIAN FRANKS, the HON. ELIZABETH BRAND, the COUNTESS OF ROSEBERY, and MAJOR B. C. HARTLEY competed in the mixed foursomes.

3. VISCOUNT HAMPDEN, VISCOUNTESS HAMPDEN, MRS. MELLOR, and MR. J. BUCHANAN (l. to r.) watched proceedings. Lady Hampden is the mother of the Hon. Elizabeth Brand.

4. MR. MICHAEL TURNER, MISS CECIL LEITCH, and CAPTAIN and MRS. BLAKE (l. to r.). Miss Cecil Leitch won the Scratch prize and the First Division Handicap prize.

5. MAJOR-GENERAL SIR REGINALD HOSKINS, Captain of Ashridge Golf Club, MRS. SPOWERS, MISS MARJORIE SANDERSON, and MR. C. C. EDMUNDS are the quartette in our group. Miss Sanderson and Sir Reginald were runners-up in the Playing Fields Cup, and won the Morning Handicap.

6. MR. A. SCOTT, Chief Constable of Luton, and MRS. R. W. SPURR were competitors.

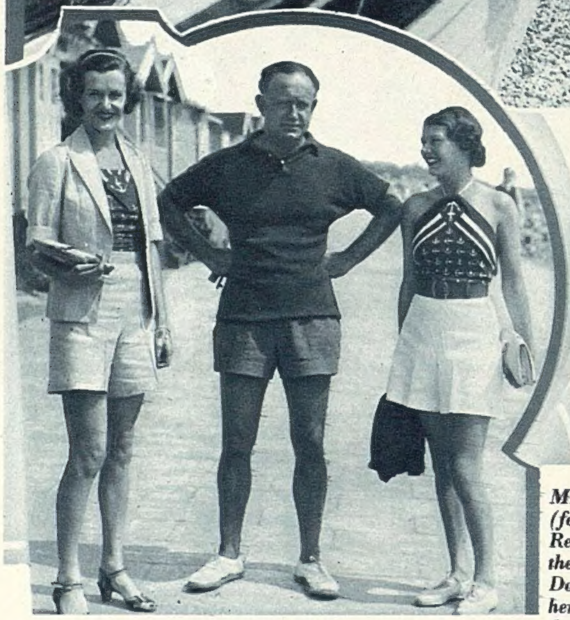
7. MRS. H. GORDON and ABE MITCHELL were partners in the mixed foursomes.

FRONT - RANKERS AT FRINTON.

MR. JOHN DE LÁSZLÓ, son of the artist, is a hard worker. He has been helping the HON. MRS. JOAN CARY build a sand castle for ELIZABETH and JEAN CARY.

(Left) MRS. FEARNLEY WHITTING-STALL is as decorative in a bathing-suit as she is in her Court shorts. She won the Women's Doubles in the Lawn Tennis Tournament at Frinton, with Miss Harvey.

MRS. A. SMITH-BINGHAM is one of the decorative young mothers who bring their hopefuls to Frinton. Hers is named CHARLES.



At Frinton, CAPTAIN BUCKMASTER posed for the camera with MISS AUDREY and MISS MONA SIMPSON, two of the daughters of the late Mr. C. R. Simpson. Audrey, the eldest, is engaged to Mr. Bernard Rubin.

MRS. STRAWSON (formerly Miss Joan Reid-Thomas) reached the final in the Mixed Doubles, but she and her partner were defeated by Mr. Culley and Miss Harvey.

MISS I. HOWARD, MRS. EDWARD BENSON, and MRS. LAWRIE were snapped together at the lawn tennis.

(Left) MISS KATHLEEN STAMMERS and MISS JOAN RIDLEY are here posed on the beach with SIR ALBERT STERN. Miss Ridley won the Women's Singles in the Lawn Tennis Tournament.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

CONVERSATION PIECE BY THREE ON A SETTEE.

The HON. MRS. GUSTAVUS HAMILTON-RUSSELL is here posed with her two children, MICHAEL GUSTAVUS HAMILTON-RUSSELL and CHARMIAN JOAN HAMILTON-RUSSELL, in the drawing-room of her house in Eaton Square. Mrs. Hamilton-Russell, who was Miss Joy Verney, is the daughter of Lady Joan Verney, Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, and of Sir Harry Lloyd Verney, Private Secretary and Treasurer to her Majesty. Her marriage to the Hon. Gustavus Hamilton-Russell, eldest son of Viscount Boyne and nephew-by-marriage to H.R.H. the Princess Royal, took place in 1931.

CONFESSIONS BY CAMERA: NO. II.—LADY MILBANKE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY V. C. BUCKLEY.

THE "Confession Album" is a long-dead fancy. No longer is it the fashion to keep a volume in which your friends reveal their personality by answering a series of questions as to their tastes and preferences in different directions, but, since the Edwardian period has returned to popularity, "The Sketch" revives the "Confession Album" in a new form. LADY MILBANKE is the second well-known personality to give us her confessions by Camera. She is the wife of Sir John ("Buffles") Milbanke, Bt., and was Lady Loughborough.

QUESTION.	ANSWER.
Who is your favourite composer?	Cole Porter.
What is your favourite sport?	Swimming.
What type of clothes do you like wearing best?	Beach clothes.
Have you a pet aversion?	Yes—cold weather.
Do you have any particular kind of furniture and decoration that you prefer?	Anything belonging to the Queen Anne period.
What is your favourite colour?	Green.
Have you any pets?	A Yorkshire terrier puppy.

Q.	A.
What is your idea of the perfect dinner menu?	A dinner at Ciro's in London.

Huitres Impériales.

Consommé.

Soufflé de Sole.

Suprême de Volaille Rossini
Haricots Verts.

Asperge, Sauce Hollandaise.

Ananas Voile Ciro's.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY YEVONDE

CAN YOU SEE THE MONMOUTH FAMILY LIKENESS?

The drawing on this page is a portrait of the DUKE OF MONMOUTH, son of Charles II. and Lucy Walters. It is by Sir Peter Lely (1618—1680). The photographs are portraits of LADY ANGELA SCOTT (left) and LADY ALICE SCOTT, daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. They are descendants of the Duke of Monmouth, and their resemblance to him is clearly marked, especially in the case of Lady Alice Scott, whose eyes are like Monmouth's. The Scott family are descended from Richard Le Scot of Rankilburn, who was a person of great distinction in the reign of Alexander III. (1241—1285). Anne, Countess of Buccleuch, who married the Duke of Monmouth in 1663, was "esteemed the greatest heiress and finest woman of her times," says Burke. The Duke assumed the name of Scott, and, on the day of their marriage, he and his wife were created Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. Monmouth's honours were forfeited on his execution in 1685; while those enjoyed by the Duchess in her own right (Dukedom of Buccleuch by creation and Earldom of Buccleuch by inheritance) remained unaffected by the attainder. The present Duke of Buccleuch is the seventh holder of the title. His famous collection includes a fine miniature of his ancestor, Monmouth, by Samuel Cooper, which, it will be remembered, he lent to the British Art Exhibition at Burlington House last winter.

LONDON ASIDES.

By

PAMELA MURRAY.

Exceedingly modern in her taste, MRS. HARRIMAN went to the season's final parties in this crinkled pink dress with a "seaweed" cape, the colour of cornflowers. She is one of our smartest London-Americans.

MISS SHELAGH MORRISON-BELL in her "den," where she sketches friends' heads on the walls in charcoal. She is the elder daughter of Sir Clive and the Hon. Lady Morrison-Bell and is a niece of Viscount Powerscourt.

LADY ELIZABETH MURRAY is the handsome younger daughter of the Earl of Dunmore, V.C. She loves everything to do with her native Scotland, and her talents include sketching in water-colours. The old spinning-wheel stands in her sitting-room.

MRS. TOMMY HUTCHISON and VIRGINIA are taking a trip in their rubber canoe at Frinton. Mrs. Hutchison has rented a house on the links there after a gay London season, and before going to her old home in Ayrshire.

DURING the last week of the term, or Season, Lady Malcolm and son Angus were At Home under the trees of their Kensington garden from sherry-time onwards. Evening dress was optional and food plenteous. They now go north. Eustace Storey, golfer, and his blonde wife gave a farewell party; also the Pat Andersons to "warm" their new flat; also the Harbord brother and sister, Ralph and Betty, who commute between London and Yorks. Many South Africans went to the Dennis Wheatleys' to greet the "Bino" Johnstones, Mrs. Johnstone being the High Commissioner's cousin and Mrs. Wheatley's brother's wife.

We were unlucky enough to suffer from Wimbledon throat (Davis Cup edition) on the night Mrs. Maugham gave her final frolic for Lisa. *Un coup de téléphone* (it's important to rub up ze French before going South) brought us the following items of information from a most unreliable source.

Kedgeree stuffed with raisins was the favourite buffet dish. Indigestible when taken in large quantities, it is even more so with large quantities of champagne.

Prince George was dancing with Mrs. Baker d'Erlanger; Mr. Kindersley with Lady Brougham and Vaux. Lady Ravensdale wore unrelieved royal purple. Her crown of frankly false "slab" emeralds delighted her partner, Mr. Simon Marks.

Lisa's dress was the colour of ashes of orchids. We do not know what colour this approaches, nor did our informant, but he was sure she looked sweet.

Mrs. Beck's dress had one of the new protuberances at the back which, with padded collars and grotesquely raised shoulders by day, threaten to make hunchbacks of us all before autumn.

Mrs. Carl Bendix, too seldom seen about now, wore white and her enviable pearls. Our gossip was too blind to notice her hands, which are the slimmest in Christendom.

Her friend Lady Brecknock was there in black, as was Lord Brecknock.

Lady Gloria Vaughan, unlike most debs, looked fresher than three months ago, and more assured. As she grows older her already good looks will better themselves.

Gladys Cooper, Ivy St. Helier, Dorothy Dickson, and Joan Buckmaster eat in a bunch. After Lady Pearson left, Ivy did that imitation of her, to the amusement of John Buckmaster. Then Hermione Baddeley "did" Mae West—but the craze for her (West, we mean) isn't what it was.

Mrs. Winston Churchill, in Cardinal red taffeta, sat combing her coiffure by an electric fan—a definition of optimism. Cecil Beaton held court on one of the little staircases leading into the ball-room, his line being "We must ALL go to the Lido."

At "Marnie" Gillilan's agreeable fork luncheon the generations were well mixed. Sir Henry Imbert-Terry waited gallantly on the youngest and prettiest. Sir Vincent and Lady Baddeley, Lady Bonham-Carter, and Miss Hilda Legh were evident. Miss Legh recently returned from a world tour with her septuagenarian father, Lord Newton, who was, with difficulty, persuaded from travelling alone by the Trans-Siberian

after junketing about Asia. Mrs. W. B. (" novelist's wife ") Maxwell brought her striking-looking Barbara. Lady Hamond-Graeme, who did not miss one performance of the Pageant of Parliament, in which she appeared as a peeress, did not miss this either. Such music-lovers as Ethel, Lady Jardine and Lady Leucha Warner were present to hear Miss Judy Skinner sing after meat.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS. Raymond Quilter, imperturbable parachutist and strong man of Suffolk, is to be congratulated on carrying off the eldest of the pretty Cookes. Will this encourage the pretty Deuchars, their great friends, to marry? Ronnie Quilter, son of the late Major Quilter and nephew of Mr. Peter Quilter (Savoyard), has chosen a delightful and popular person in Doreen Parker, one of the Swiss " regulars," who has been chaperoned there by Lady Ursula Horne and Mrs. " Leo " Lonsdale, turn about. David Aitken (Seaforth Highlanders) had a beautiful day for his wedding to Vera Crosse—not that it matters whether it snows when two people are as pleased with each other as these.

LATE NIGHTS. FINAL. At the Embassy Mrs. Sweeny made one of her frequent appearances, this time in bare-shouldered blue supported by diamanté straps. Lord Warwick sat between his wife and Mrs. Smith - Bingham, who slightly resembles the lovely Rose. Mrs. Cartwright announced her imminent departure for Sweden, as did Mrs. " Jock " Bruce, who goes to stay with Betty Vereker, the aviatrix wife of the British Attaché at Stockholm. Lady Poulett, with white camellias in her hair, danced with Claude Leigh, and Mrs. Garthwaite with Arthur Evans, M.P. But we didn't see Mrs. Harriman, who has never been known to miss an extension night before. Mrs. Percy Lawson-Johnston was dancing with her husband, Mrs. Nigel Battine with hers, and Baron Stackelberg with his striking wife. Lady Hindlip, General Trotter (soon for Biarritz), the Alec Robertses, the Hugh de Rougemonts (going Villa d'Este), and Cornelius Dresselhuys were discernible through heat haze. The last-named, by arriving from Paris, put us all in reverse.

This estimable Season, more crowded than exclusive, yet more appetising in its many aspects than any we remember since 1925—our first—deserved to be rounded off with the Perfect Party. It got its deserts, though the gathering in question was significantly a Pay Party. Chiswick children benefited, but the charity spirit did not obtrude. In these times no one hostess — not even Lady Cunard or Mrs. Corrigan, both of whom were present—could collect all the elements of which the evening was compounded, nor achieve the unique atmosphere created by what is left of the War Generation when gathered together for a just cause.

The men were mainly Eton, " the House " or Magdalen, the Bullingdon and the Brigade. The Guards were represented by " Walter Whitchester," now Lord Dalkeith, Lord Cranborne and two " Eddies," Lords Stanley and Edward Hay. Humphrey de Trafford, " Rollie " Cubitt dancing with Lady Dalkeith and Cecil Gunston dancing with his wife, were old Coldstreamers. Ian Menzies partnered Lady Portarlington in turns with Miles Graham, who was in the " Tins " before he went into wire. Colonel FitzGerald represented the Irish Guards, also Valentine Castlerosse and Lionel Portarlington, the two latter buzzing volubly from table to table, one with cigar, the other horn-rimmed.

Most of the women were débutantes during or soon after the war. The Hamilton girls (Lady Buchanan-Jardine, lovely in dark green tulle, talking to Lord Carnarvon) and Princesse Alphonse de Chimay, Sonia Keppel (Mrs. R. Cubitt, distinguished, and looking much stronger), Myrtle Farquharson (Mrs. d'Erlanger, sitting out thoughtfully), and a crop of Cadogans, whose present titles are public property. To a slightly later batch belonged Mrs. Jenkinson (Barbara Harcourt), Mrs. Archie Hay (Magda Stourton), and Mrs. " Flash " Kellett (Myrtle Atherley). They suited the picture better than the few contemporary beauties who strayed in looking strangely insignificant, with the exception of two young girls who have the good fortune to look what they are—ladies. We refer to Shelagh Morrison-Bell and Elizabeth Murray.

The Duke of Gloucester (10th) looked happy and entirely at ease, dancing with soldierly cheerfulness or talking to Lady Westmorland. We feel convinced that Lady Warrender looked no younger when she was Dolly Rawson than at this party, when her whirl of curls was snooded with flowers. Barbara Lutyens (Mrs. Euan Wallace) was flashing that sophisticated smile at Violet Nelson (Mrs. Freddie Cripps) and husband. Colonel Cripps's hair is better set than any other dandy's. Gaspard Ponsonby and Colin Davidson (F.O.) look astringently intellectual, and neither Lord Beatty nor Sir William Bass looked his age.

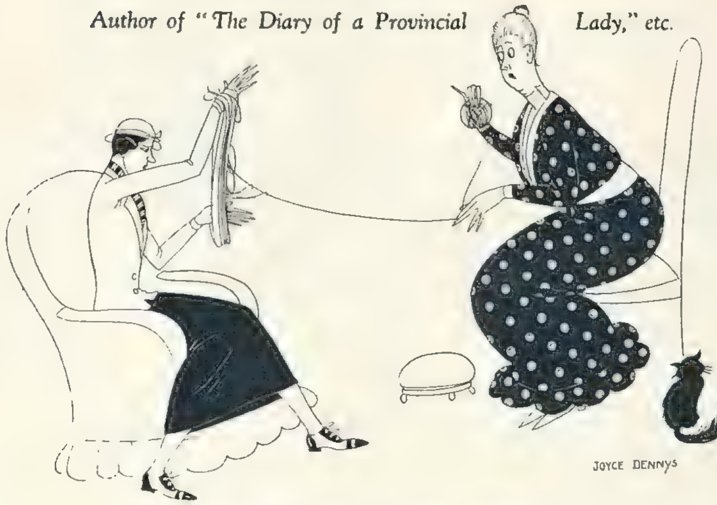
Among serving soldiers was racing David Heneage, whose wife's face was the prettiest in the room. Various Wards and Lady Victoria Scott competed for the adjective " handsome." Hermione Baddeley was the only actress we observed. Newmarket returned " Cardie " Montagu, and Canada Miss Cook, otherwise Lady Haddington, a delphinium vision. We returned to write this full stop. Monte Carlo calling.

MISS CHRIS JARDINE, only daughter of Sir Alexander Jardine of Applegirth, tenth Baronet, and of Lady Jardine, belongs to one of the oldest families in Scotland. At the dance which Ethel, Lady Buchanan-Jardine gave recently for her and for Lady Sylvia Maitland, she wore this simply-cut gown of white satin, with gardenias in her hair and pinned to the bodice.

FROM OUR VILLAGE.

By E. M. DELAFIELD.

Author of "The Diary of a Provincial Lady," etc.



"Just hold it a tiny bit higher, darling . . ."

I. COUSIN LOUISA SPEAKS.

THANK you, dear, if you 'd just hold the wool for me. . . . I always think the fishermen *prefer* a nice bright colour, somehow—but I dare say they don't. One never knows, nowadays, with all this socialism about. What a tangle it 's in, isn't it? I think pussy must have . . . down, good little pussy—I think pussy had better go out, Margaret dear, if you 'd just open the door for him. . . . No, that means he *doesn't* want to go out. When he sits down like that with his *back* to the door, it always means he doesn't really want to go out. Very well, puss, you can stay, but don't interrupt. That cat understands every word I say.

I want to talk to you, Margaret, and I know you won't mind what I 'm going to say, because I 'm going to be perfectly, perfectly frank with you—— Just hold it a tiny bit higher, darling; I shall have to put the wool *under*, till we get rid of some of these knots.

Well, now, *what* about you and the next-door bungalow? Yes, of course I know you don't speak to them now. I heard the whole thing from that cousin of theirs with the teeth, last Sunday—you know, the one who 's always staying there. I often wonder if that girl has a home of her own or not. We hear a great deal about an invalid mother and all the rest of it, but I should think she spends a good deal of her time by herself. Anyhow, the girl is almost always staying with Mary and Maurice Dickenson at the bungalow. Just look at pussy! *Not* the curtains, puss—that 's really naughty. See if he wants to go out, dear. Though I 'm sure he doesn't; he always says if he does. *Mind*, dear! Oh, never mind, dear. It 'll only take a little longer to wind, that 's all. Tangled wool is like that.

" . . . even if the Dickensons did borrow your lawn-mower."

You see, Margaret, what I feel is that it 's all so *sad*, living in the same village and everything. Very well, Margaret, I 'm sure I 'm quite ready to hear your point of view. If you have one, that is, dear. Though I must say it would be a great deal easier to wind this wool if you *could* remember to hold your hands a little bit higher. Not right up in the air I don't mean—nothing unreasonable—but just so that I could sometimes get the ball *through* the loops.

You see, dear, what I feel is that, even if the Dickensons *did* borrow your lawn-mower, you must have lent it to them in the first place. So that there are faults on both sides, if you see what I mean. Six of one and half a dozen of the other. No, darling, don't begin to tell me about screws and bolts and things. Technical words like that never did anybody any good yet. They simply obscure the issue, is what I always say. If you mean that the mower went wrong after the Dickensons brought it back, then just say so quite simply and straightforwardly.

Quick, Margaret, he really does want to go out this time. When he stands up and scratches at the paint like that, it always means he wants to go out. Out you go, puss! Naturally, the Dickensons tell rather a different story. As I always say, there are two sides to every question.

No, Margaret, I naturally haven't discussed it with Mr. *or* Mrs. Dickenson. The cousin with the teeth walked home with me after the Mothers' Meeting, that 's all, and one had to be civil. The poor girl was quite wretched. She said was there anything in the world she could do? I very nearly asked her why on earth she hadn't been *made* to wear a plate as a child. It would have made all the difference, because her eyes and nose are quite good, really. Still, there it is. She must be thirty-five now, if she 's a day. And devoted to the Dickensons, poor thing.

If you ask me, we began this skein at the wrong end. Now we shall have to go on like this to the end.

Well, I suppose they paid for any damage to the mower? After all, Maurice Dickenson is not a brigand, I suppose. Besides, the niece told me they did. Very well, then, Margaret, that should have been the end of it, surely? It 's most unreasonable if you expect the Dickensons to crawl up your garden-path on all-fours, with sackcloth and ashes on their heads, just to tell you and Arthur how sorry they are. . . .

Didn't you, dear? Well, it *sounded* as though you did. But I don't want to argue the point with you. Only if you *would* let poor pussy in, instead of just sitting there while he mews outside in that draughty hall—and these semi-Persians always do feel the cold most terribly; they get pneumonia, I believe, exactly like human beings. Come along, pussy! . . . No, *not* the wool, naughty pussy!—no, no, *no*! . . . It 's the bright colour, you know, that attracts him. He 'll settle down in a minute. Cats are so different from dogs, I always think.

After all, life is very short. It seems a pity to quarrel. The poor Dickensons are quite ready to forgive and forget. And it isn't as if they hadn't paid for the repairs to the mower.

No, dear, I think that 's extremely ungenerous of you. If they *thought* the machine was in perfect order when they returned it, they 'd naturally be hurt at dear Arthur's saying it wasn't. It 's simply one word against another, isn't it? And we all know how difficult that is. Even judges complain about it, in law courts. One 's always reading about it in the newspapers, and how difficult it is to be *fair*. And if trained lawyers and solicitors and people get bewildered, naturally you and Arthur and the Dickensons couldn't be expected to keep your heads. But what I do feel is that the time has come now to forgive and forget.

I don't know what you mean by saying "Why?" Margaret. What I *do* know is that the poor, unfortunate fishermen can't possibly expect to keep warm in this bitter weather unless the wool is at least *untangled* before they try to put it on. When one thinks what the North Sea must be like, considering how even the garden here, sheltered as it is, catches the east wind! And the Dickensons, in a way, can't be expected to make the first move if it was you and Arthur who began not speaking. But what I *have* done is to arrange that they should both come over to tea here this afternoon and meet you and Arthur, and you can all start fresh, exactly as if nothing had happened. No, dear, naturally I didn't tell you beforehand. I thought if I did you probably

[*Continued on page 232.*

"What are you doing, Margaret?"

HOT WEATHER RACING FASHIONS — AS WORN BY CELEBRITIES.

SIR MATTHEW WILSON with LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE and MISS MONICA SHERRIFFE. *Lady Buchanan-Jardine wasn't too warm in a velvet hat, and Miss Sherriffe kept her coat on.*

The HON. CHARLOTTE STOURTON *and* LADY ILLINGWORTH *believe that printed silk, allied to light hats and white shoes, is as cool as anything.*

The MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA *took off his waistcoat for high-temperature racing. He is with* LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM, *who is in a shady hat.*

MRS. J. V. RANK, *the famous racegoer, looked cool and smart in a light suit with dark gloves and belt, and her initials on her dress. She is with* MICHAEL BEARY.

LADY ANNE HUNLOKE *(centre) had a dress with crisp frills down the front, and the* HON. ESMÉ GLYN *wore sleeveless chiffon. They are with the* DUKE OF NORFOLK. *Lady Anne has slipped one shoe off to cool her foot on the turf.*

The suède sandal, the white-and-brown slipper, and the buttoned boot with a suède top represent ideas of comfort in hot-weather footgear by the EARL OF LONSDALE, *the* MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY, *and the* MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY *(l. to r.).*

(Left) LADY DURHAM *went racing in the hot weather in a flat, wide-brimmed hat. She is with* LORD HERBERT.

CAMERA PORTRAITS BY DOROTHY WILDING.

When "ENDEAVOUR," the wonderful steel yacht which will race for the "America's" Cup, left England for her journey across the Atlantic, she carried the good wishes of the whole country. MR. SOPWITH is himself a practical yachtsman, and, when "Endeavour" races, he takes the wheel; while MRS. SOPWITH acts as official time-keeper. On this page we give portraits of MR. and MRS. SOPWITH, and a photograph of "Endeavour" (ketch-rigged) sailing from Gosport, on July 23, for Newport, Rhode Island. "Endeavour" is built of steel and has been very successful racing in home waters. She won twelve firsts and three seconds, and thus flew fifteen prize flags when she arrived at Gosport.

"ENDEAVOUR": HER OWNER - HELMSMAN AND HIS TIME - KEEPER.

THE GOOD-LUCK LUNCH TO T. O. M. SOPWITH.

Fred May's impressions of some of the distinguished people at the "Good-Luck" lunch given by the BRITISH SPORTSMAN'S CLUB to MR. T. O. M. SOPWITH, C.B.E., on the eve of his departure to the U.S.A. to race his "Endeavour" for the "America's" Cup, appear on this page. The Duke of Sutherland presided, and SIR W. WILLIAMS-BULKELEY, BT., Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, proposed the toast of Mr. Sopwith, who replied in a delightful speech. He referred to the recent trouble with certain of his crew, and, in speaking of his gratitude to the volunteers who came forward, he used the happy phrase, of his whole crew, "We really are all chaps together from now on."

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a generation which still said "I'd as soon think of flying" when they wanted to italicise a refusal, learnt with amazement that Blériot had actually flown across the Channel. FLIGHT-LIEUT. GEOFFREY TYSON, wishing to honour this feat of a past age, just did the same thing but UPSIDE DOWN, and in five minutes less than half the time it took the French pioneer.

CASEY, the Chimp, has lived at Taronga Park Zoo, New South Wales, for seventeen years. He is now twenty-one, and looks just like Gran'pop, so *Sketch* readers are sure to be glad to meet him. He sat for his picture with Mr. Gilbert Coghill, his "nurse."

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER opened the wonderful Empire Pool and Sports Arena at Wembley last week, but, before the ceremony, a young lady member of the staff there took a plunge to see that everything was O.K. with the rolling waves, which are such a remarkable feature of this wonderful safe surf-bathing in London! The World's Wonder Pool is open for general bathing every day, including Sundays, and will be the scene of events of the Empire Games this month.

BROWN JACK, the famous nine-year-old race-horse which has won the Queen Alexandra Stakes six times, has now ended his racing career, for Sir Harold Wernher has retired the old horse and he will spend the rest of his life in a paddock at Market Harborough. STEVE DONOGHUE, who has ridden Brown Jack in nearly all his races, said good-bye to him at Ivor Anthony's training stables, and got a good nuzzle from his old friend.

MRS. REGINALD W. BELL, formerly Miss Pamela Bird, is the daughter of Sir Robert Bird, M.P. She was a bride of last week, and received, among other gifts from her bridegroom, a set of steel-shafted golf clubs. Obviously, he never means her to be a "golf widow"!

FLIGHT-LIEUT. GEOFFREY TYSON—FOR FLYING ACROSS THE CHANNEL UPSIDE DOWN (THIS FASHION) ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST CROSS-CHANNEL FLIGHT.

CASEY—FOR DOING HIS BEST TO LOOK LIKE GRAN'POP.

THIS LADY OF THE STAFF—FOR RULING THE ROLLING WAVES OF THE EMPIRE POOL AT WEMBLEY.

STEVE DONOGHUE—FOR BEING KISSED BY THE RETIRING BROWN JACK.

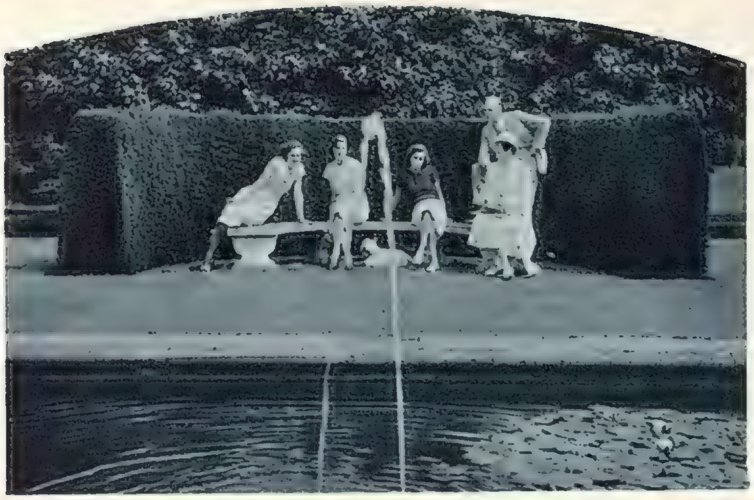
MRS. REGINALD BELL (Miss Pamela Bird)—FOR HAVING A HUSBAND WHO HAS MADE SURE THAT SHE WILL NEVER BE A GOLF WIDOW.

LADY BERWICK — CHÂTELAINE OF ATTINGHAM PARK.

William Pitt, of the inquisitive profile, was a close friend of Lord Berwick's ancestor, and spent much time at Attingham, where LADY BERWICK, wife of the eighth Baron, was photographed with his bust in marble, which stands on the wonderful staircase, designed by Nash, of Regent Street and Brighton Pavilion fame. The interesting corrugated walls are painted deep red, and the occasional chairs are a clear madonna blue.

LADY BERWICK posed for her photograph in a beautiful Empire evening dress and a Mme. Récamier attitude in the drawing-room, where the white and gold furniture, including the sofa, belonged to Catherine Murat, Queen of Naples.

Attingham Park, Shrewsbury, is a fine example of late eighteenth-century architecture. It has a gracious châtelaine in LADY BERWICK, who was Miss Teresa Hulton. She has lived a great deal in Italy, and has exquisite taste.



Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Brotherhood recently entertained a house-party at Thornhaugh Hall, near Peterborough. Our group shows MISS ELIZABETH BROTHERHOOD, MISS SHEILA BROTHERHOOD, MISS BARBARA GODDARD-JACKSON, MRS. ARTHUR WHEELER, and MR. ARTHUR WHEELER. The Wheelers are well known in New York society and have been visiting England.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

HOW fond the Queen is of miniature objects! This royal taste was seen last week when she paid a visit to Mrs. Ernest Guinness's house in Grosvenor Crescent to examine the collection of old Irish silver, and Major Robert Woodhouse's miniature ivory, silver, and gold works of art. Her Majesty was obviously fascinated by the tiny silver knives and forks, beakers and platters, which Major Woodhouse made for his grandchildren, Lord Dufferin and Ava and Lady Veronica Hornby, as she was such a long time looking at them. They were all beautifully set out in a miniature banqueting-hall with tiny oak tables and chairs, and walls hung with tapestry and banners. This was a temporary arrangement, as Major Woodhouse has a perfect doll's house in which the things are kept usually. He made the banqueting-hall for the show by taking little bits of the panelling from his own banqueting-hall.

. . . . . .

Lady Bridges was taking friends to see the wedding ring which Major Woodhouse made for her daughter, Alvilde, when she married Mr. Anthony Chaplin. It 's tiny, for Mrs. Chaplin has the slenderest of fingers, and, as it was in a little carved ivory box inlaid with precious stones, it looked like a gold inlay decoration. I could not find it at first. Mrs. Chaplin, by the way, did not lose her wedding ring for the period of the exhibition, as Major Woodhouse made her two—gold for day and platinum for evening, and only one was on view.

. . . . . .

One of the loveliest pictures of the year was provided by the sight of Mrs. Plunket (formerly Aileen Guinness) standing by the full-length portrait of Lord Iveagh's mother, who was, of course, her grandmother. She resembles her so closely that it almost looked as if the picture had walked out of the frame; and, as Mrs. Plunket was wearing a pale blue and white dress, the likeness was emphasised still further, for the late Lady Iveagh was painted in a long blue and white dress.

Mrs. Kindersley was walking about with Mrs. Plunket. They both look younger than most of the débutantes of the year, with their fair skins and *petite* charm, though they are both young matrons with full nurseries. Mrs. Kindersley has two children and Mrs. Plunket three.

. . . . . .

The whole duty of a chaperon during the London Season was arduous enough this year, but it looks as if it may be equally severe in holiday times, now that camping and caravanning are so popular. Lady Townshend has decided that, though her family are going under canvas in August with a party, she can officiate as chaperon equally well under a solid roof, so she will occupy a cottage or comfortable hut near by!

The young party in the tents is to consist of Lord Townshend and his sister, Lady Elizabeth Townshend, and some friends who include Miss Cherry Pinckard. The camp will be pitched on Lord Townshend's own estate, so the party will be able to select a thoroughly salubrious spot. Lord Townshend and his sister, by the way, are a talented couple. They are definitely members of the intelligentsia, and are musical enthusiasts. They both sing, and are courageous enough to tackle duets from the Italian operas. "Traviata" is one of their favourites.

. . . . . .

The sight of so many appeals to "Use Less Water" appears to have given wedding-present seekers inspiration. Anyhow, they all seem to have gone bath-room mad, to judge by the amount of bath-salt bottles and other elegant aids to luxurious washing which were showered on the new Lady Hinchingbrooke, formerly Miss Rosemary Peto.

She had jewels as well as glass flasks, bowls, and bottles, though; for her mother gave her a diamond necklace and her own circle of "best friends" clubbed together to send a magnificent diamond bracelet. Two lovely presents came from one family, for Lord and Lady Winchilsea sent a pearl and platinum chain, and bridesmaid Lady Diana Finch-Hatton gave a diamond and pearl ring.

. . . . .

Sandwich surprises have been a feature of the season, for the riot of cocktail-parties has forced hostesses to think of "new eats." Lady Chamberlain, whose At Home "from five o'clock onwards" was one of the final fixtures, thought of two good new appetising oddments. One consisted of tiny rolls of brown bread containing chips of pineapple and grated cheese; and the other was curry sandwiches. Both were excellent.

Notes of this party (which was to celebrate the wedding anniversary of Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain), include—

Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira, looking as fresh and neat as if she had just stepped out of her own house, telling us that she had driven straight up from Cambridge to Rutland Gate.

Max Reinhardt's superb outdoor production of "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" in Venice was one of the artistic events of 1934. This is the carnival scene on a gondola.

Lorenzo and Jessica are here seen in a romantic scene of Max Reinhardt's lovely outdoor production of "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" in Venice.

Mr. Peter Stewart being wished "god-speed" by friends who facetiously hoped that he would have a nice camel-ride across North Africa to his friends in the desert.

King George of Greece carrying a small parcel.

Mme. Regis de Oliveira in the biggest hat I 've seen so far, and Lady Georgiana Curzon in one just a shade smaller.

. . . . . .

Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, retained her social energy until the very end of the season. She and Lord Athlone stayed at the Grosvenor Gaieties Ball till 2.30. They had first entertained a large dinner-party at Kensington Palace, and yet arrived early enough personally to receive every guest!

Captain and Lady May Abel-Smith came up for the dinner and dance. Lady May had a successful go at the "Goodwood Race Game," which was one of the side-shows, as she won three times running with a horse carrying the colours of beige and mauve.

. . . . . .

Princess Alice looked her best in pink and gold broché lamé, with big puff sleeves of gold net. Puffs and ruches figure on every dress at the moment. Lady May Abel-Smith had box-pleated ruches on her shoulders, and the ruched net train of Lady Massereene's frock needed a chair to itself at the supper table! She spread it out carefully on a vacant one beside her before she began.

. . . . . .

Pam Barton, the golfing girl, was one of the dancers. She had her fair hair done in curls and looks about fifteen. Miss Lavinia Strutt had a necklace of red, green, and white crystal beads with her red chiffon; Miss Priscilla Scott-Ellis wore a red and white flowered crinkled crêpe; and Mrs. Washington Singer's latticed black velvet gauntlet gloves were the most exciting dress note of the evening.

George Arliss was in excellent form when he distributed the prizes. One man won "an hour over London in an aeroplane," and a woman got a Jeroboam of champagne. Arliss suggested that they had better enjoy their prizes together!

. . . . . .

Everyone knows that Lady Willingdon is never tired. Her conversational virtuosity was again displayed at the big reception given by the High Commissioner for India at India House last week. Sir Bhupendra Nath Mitra himself received, assisted by Lord and Lady Willingdon. Lady Willingdon, as the wife of the Viceroy, knows practically everyone of importance in India; *and* she conversed for a few moments with every single one of her acquaintances as they arrived, finding exactly the right words for each one.

. . . . . .

The High Commissioner is a widower, so he is already training his little daughter in the duties of a hostess. Though only a schoolgirl, she helped him to receive, and stood between him and the Willingdons, shaking hands with guests and looking very small and young, but quite self-possessed, in her pink and gold sari.

After the many guests had arrived, and had enjoyed refreshment, Lady Willingdon said: "And now we must have some dancing." She herself opened the ball with the Nawab of Rampur, and set the evening going with a swing.

. . . . .

Lord and Lady Selby's baby will not make her entry into society as a débutante till 1952, but her christening was one of the events of the season. She has a crowd of sponsors, including Mr. Brinsley Le Poer Trench, Mrs. Courage (who is still honeymooning, so was represented by her sister, Miss Isabel Villiers), Miss Margaret Fry, and a friend in San Francisco, who had Miss Jonné Briscoe George as proxy.

Miss Selby has the noble names of Helen Alexandra, but will go through life as Sandra, so is not really overweighted. She was grandly dressed in Limerick lace.

Christenings are jolly affairs nowadays, for the after-the-ceremony tea at "Grannie" Briscoe George's flat was reinforced with cocktails.

. . . . .

Almost the last party of the season was given by Major Fletcher-Benton in Mrs. Oakes's Chelsea garden. He was a busy host, as he acted in Mrs. Hope-Nicholson's play and sat at the spinet to accompany the singers. Priscilla Lady Annesley was, as usual, the most decorative guest.

MARIEGOLD.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" was produced by Mr. Ernest Peirce at Falmouth, St. Ives, and Penzance. This photograph of the open air production at Penzance shows Olivia (Miss Helena Lynden-Bell; seated), Malvolio (Mr. Stephen Jack) and attendants in the garden scene.

"A CHELSEA GATHERING OF LONG AGO" was the title of the entertainment given by Major Benton Fletcher in the gardens of Mrs. Gerald Oakes's Chelsea house. MR. EDWARD CROFT-MURRAY (who represented Mr. Pepys) and MISS RAYMONDE JELTES played for the dancers. The music included dances composed by Mr. Croft-Murray and some old English pieces arranged by him for two violins.

"HIAWATHA," adapted for outdoor production by Mr. T. C. Fairbairn, was presented at the Scarborough Municipal Open-Air Theatre by the local operatic society last week, and performances are being given twice weekly as a holiday season attraction. This photograph shows THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF MINNEHAHA, which is one of the outstandingly impressive scenes.

MONTE CARLO FOLLIES — 1934 EDITION.

In the fountain at the Monte Carlo Bathing-Pool, as large as life and twice as lovely, are the MISSES RUTH HILLARD, HILDA KNIGHT, and ANABELLA LANCASTER. Miss Hilda Knight was the toast of Mayfair when at the Dorchester.

(Right)
MISS JOAN CONNERS, MISS MONA RANSOME, MISS ALICE KIRWIN, and MISS IRENE DUPLESSIS made a colourful quartette at Monte Carlo Beach.

The spirit of Seaside in August is epitomised by MISS ESTELLE ESSEX, a striking beauty in the new edition of Monte Carlo Follies, who was snapped on the beach in her rubber bathing-dress straight from the States.

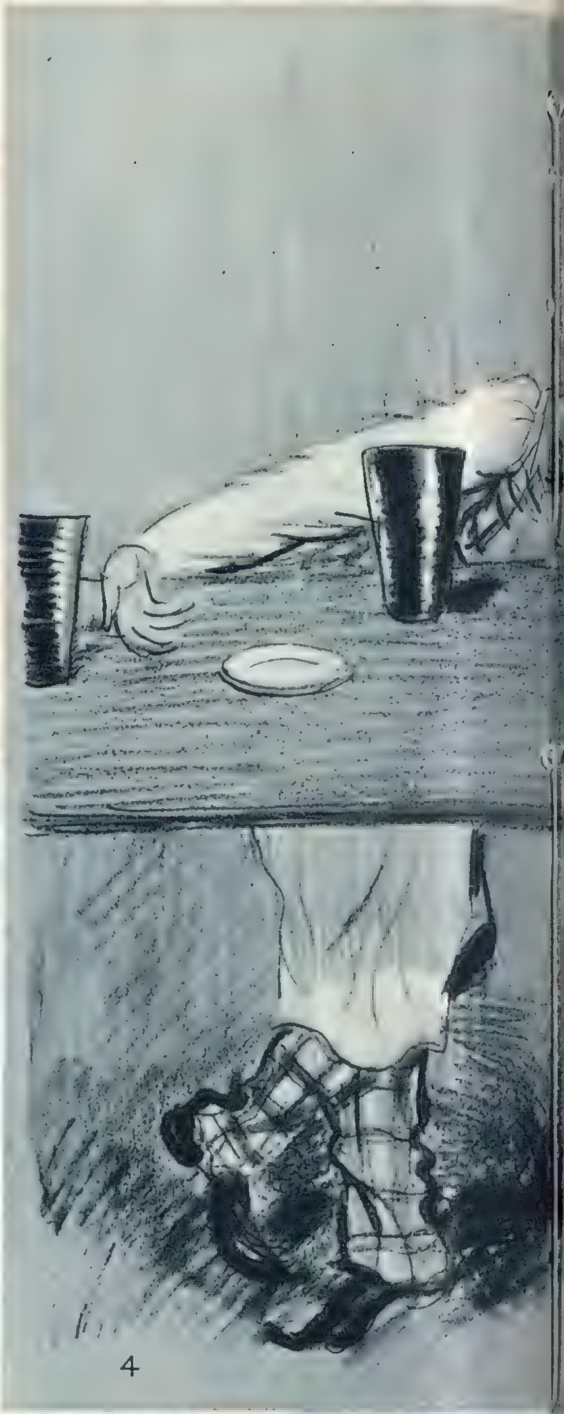
MISS YVONNE GRAY and MISS EDA HEDDIN are the most athletic types in the new Monte Carlo Follies show: delightful outdoor girls.

MISS ROSALIE FROMSON is one of the beauties of the new Monte Carlo Follies.

Blonde MISS DOLORES GRANT and brunette MISS BETTY SANDMARK are two of the girls from the Monte Carlo Follies, new edition.

1. *The* LOCH NESS MONSTER *has been spirited away from the Highlands to Salisbury Plain, for in the Southern Command* TIDWORTH TATTOO, *which opens on Saturday, August 4, he is presented by the 11th Hussars, in a fight with Ancient Britons.*
2. *The* BRITISH FLEET SAILS ACROSS THE GREEN GRASS *in one of the episodes of the Tidworth Tattoo—the landing at Aboukir Bay, 1801. There are 600 performers from the 2nd Cavalry Brigade and 7th Infantry Brigade in this episode.*
3. *The* LANDING AT ABOUKIR BAY *on March 8, 1801, is realistically presented at the Tidworth Tattoo. Here the British troops are being landed under fire. The Tattoo will continue until Saturday, August 11.*

BATTLE-SHIPS AND THE LOCH NESS MONSTER ON SALISBURY PLAIN.



1. *BRITNEVA, TATIANA CHAMIÉ, POIDA, and OSATO are customers who come to the fantastic shop.*

2. *" LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE," with music by Rossini, orchestrated by Respighi, is the most famous ballet of a toy-shop. ANDRÉ EGLEVSKY and EUGÉNIE DELAROVA are Cossack dolls.*

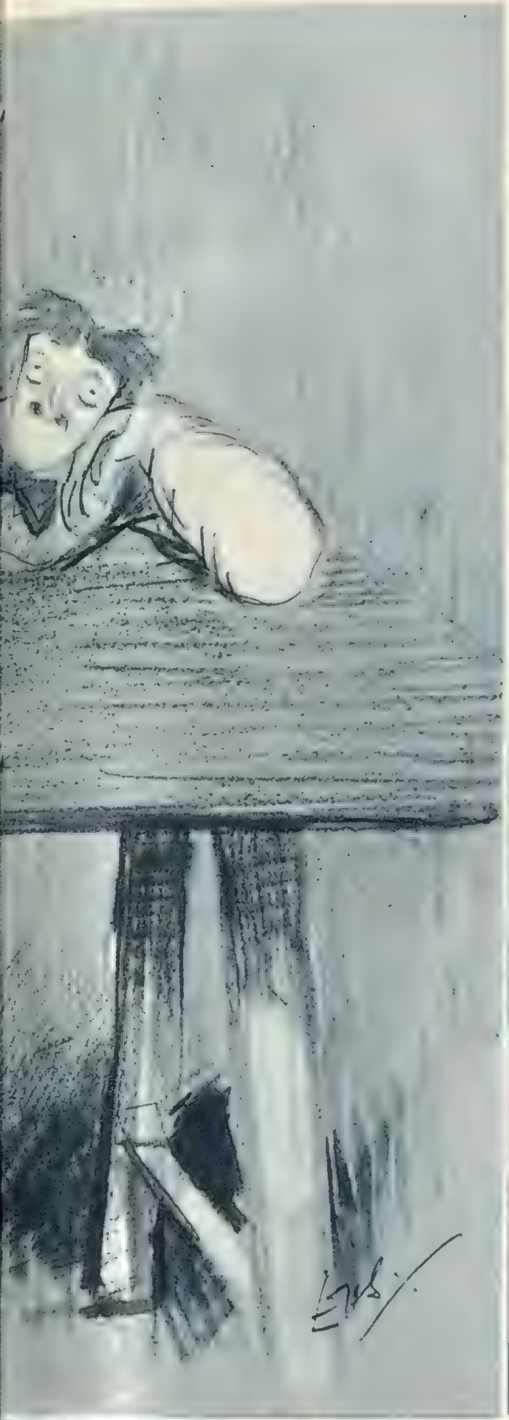
3. *ALEXANDRA DANILOVA is one of the Can-Can dancers in the toy shop.*

4. *LEONIDE MASSINE gives a superb performance as the Barman in " UNION PACIFIC," the new ballet dealing with the building of the Union Pacific Railway in 1860, with music by Nicolas Nabokoff " based on some folk songs of the period " (including " Pop Goes the Weasel."*

[Continued opposite.

RUSSIAN BALLET BARMAN AND SHOPPERS: MASSINE SKETCHED IN "U

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SASHA. SKETCH BY ERNES



Continued.]

ERNEST H. SHEPARD, the distinguished artist, did this brilliant sketch of Massine as the Barman after his exhausting dance.

5. *VANIA PSOTA as the shopkeeper's assistant in the toy shop which is the setting for "LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE."*

6. *EUGÉNIE DELAROVA and ISMAILOFF, CANONOFF, BOUSLOFF, and MATOUCHEVSKY as Cossack dolls in the shop.*

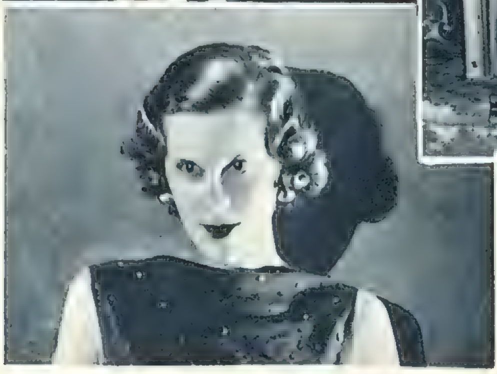
7. *TAMARA TOUMANOVA and ROMAN JASINSKY as two of the dancing dolls in "La Boutique Fantasque."*

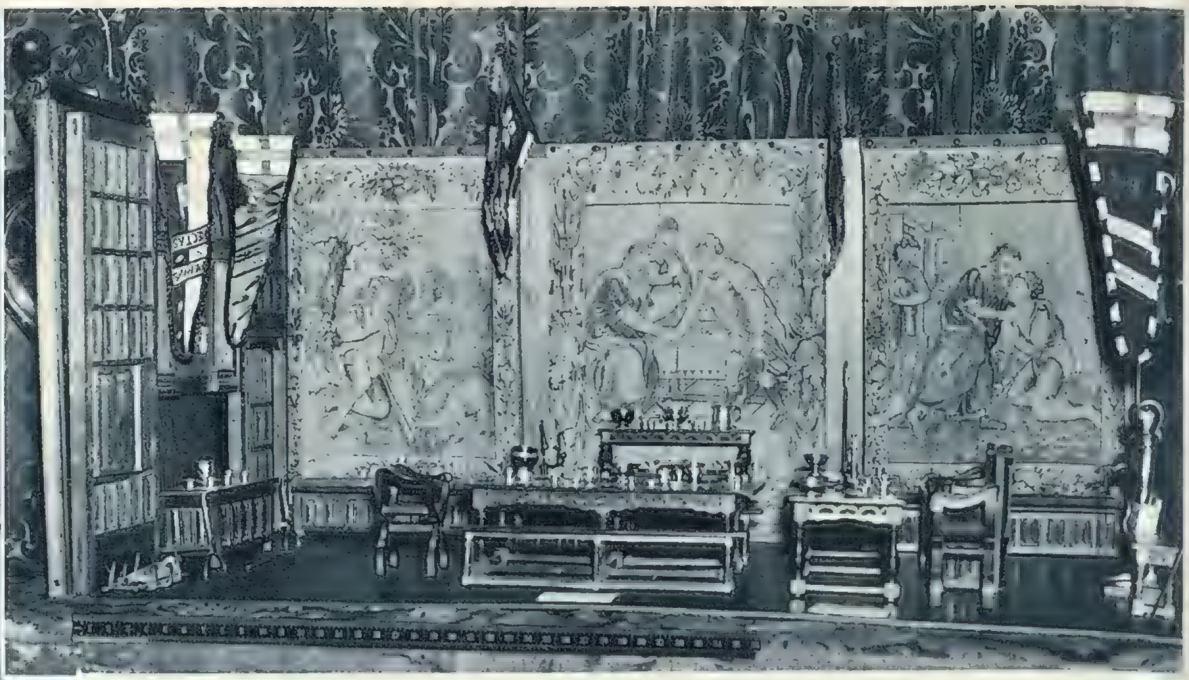
8. *HÉLÈNE KIRSOVA and SERGE LIPATOFF as the dancing poodles in the fantastic shop.*

9. *CHABELSKA and LUNINA wear these amusing Victorian costumes in "La Boutique Fantasque."*

NION PACIFIC"; AND "LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE" PHOTOGRAPHED.

I. SHEPARD; COPYRIGHT RESERVED.

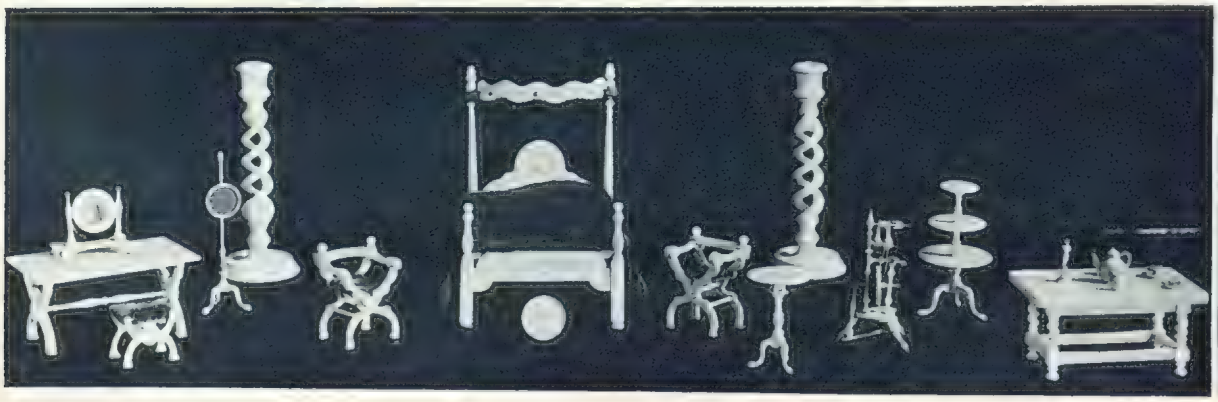




The MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA and LADY VERONICA HORNBY are grandchildren of Major Robert Woodhouse, an expert silversmith. This SCALE MODEL OF A BANQUETING HALL was made by him for Lord Dufferin and Lady Veronica when children. It is some 5 ft. long and 2 ft. wide. The tables are set with miniature gold and silver. The oak furniture is perfectly to scale, and the suits of armour are correct. It was exhibited at Mrs. Ernest Guinness's house last week.

The EWER AND BASIN AND SIX BEAKERS in silver are models of the originals given by Mary, Queen of Scots, to Adam Blackwood, founder of the Dufferin family. The basin is inscribed "Marye Ye Queene." The coin to indicate the size of the miniatures is half-a-crown.

(Left) The half-a-crown posed beside this MINIATURE SUIT OF ARMOUR of the time of Henry VII. indicates its size.



A set of MINIATURE FURNITURE IN IVORY made by Major Woodhouse for his great-granddaughter, Lady Caroline Blackwood (with half-a-crown).

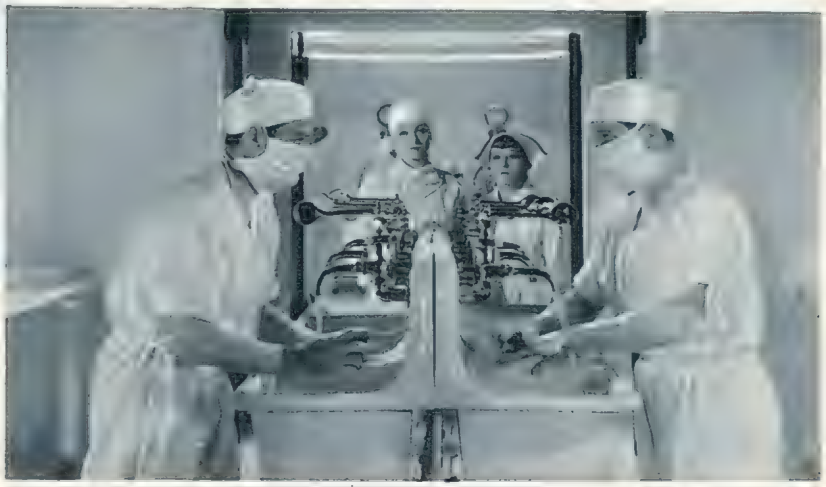
LADY CAROLINE BLACKWOOD, daughter of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava.

MINIATURE TREASURES MADE FOR LORD DUFFERIN BY HIS GRANDFATHER.

THE HOSPITAL DRAMA PICTURED: "MEN IN WHITE."

" MEN IN WHITE," the M.-G.-M. picture version of the successful American play which was " anglicised " for London production at the Lyric, is at the Empire. Here Dr. Ferguson (CLARK GABLE) is seen with his fiancée, Laura Hudson (MYRNA LOY), who can't understand that work must come before pleasure.

Dr. Ferguson (CLARK GABLE) is overworked and miserable over his quarrel with his fiancée. He falls into an affair with Nurse Barbara Dennin (ELIZABETH ALLAN), who adores him.



Dr. Ferguson is called from his wedding rehearsal to operate on Barbara, who is at the point of death. His fiancée, Laura (MYRNA LOY; seen in mirror reflection, left), is allowed to watch the operation so that she may learn the importance of his work. Here two surgeons are preparing for the theatre.

Dr. Ferguson (CLARK GABLE) is a young man of great promise, but his fiancée, Laura Hudson (MYRNA LOY), wants him to give up the idea of studying under the great Hochberg and become a general practitioner, as this means an easier life.

Dr. Ferguson (CLARK GABLE) has a way with the little patients in the hospital. The drama ends on a hopeful note, though Barbara dies, and Laura Hudson learns of Ferguson's love-affair with her.

The film of "THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET" (now nearing completion) is adapted by M.-G.-M. from the play. The cast includes three winners of the Motion Picture Academy Award of Merit. MISS NORMA SHEARER (1930—for "The Divorcee"); MR. FREDRIC MARCH (1932—for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"); and MR. CHARLES LAUGHTON (centre; holding trophy) most recently for "Henry VIII." They play Elizabeth, Robert, and Mr. Barrett.

(Above) MR. FREDRIC MARCH and MISS NORMA SHEARER as Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett.

MISS NORMA SHEARER as Elizabeth Barrett with her famous spaniel, Flush.

Elizabeth Barrett (NORMA SHEARER) as the invalid of the sofa, with Flush.

"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET" FILMED — WITH LAUGHTON.

THE WAXING OF MARLENE DIETRICH.

MARLENE DIETRICH has now taken her place at Madame Tussaud's among the figures in the "Hall of Fame." The waxwork model of the famous film star receives almost as much attention as if it were Marlene herself! Here the attendant is dusting "her" shoulders with powder.

The finished wax model of Marlene Dietrich was moved from the studio to the Hall of Fame on a special hand-trolley.

The dresser at Madame Tussaud's has to see that the silk stockings on the figure of Marlene are pulled up tightly and do not wrinkle over the ankles.

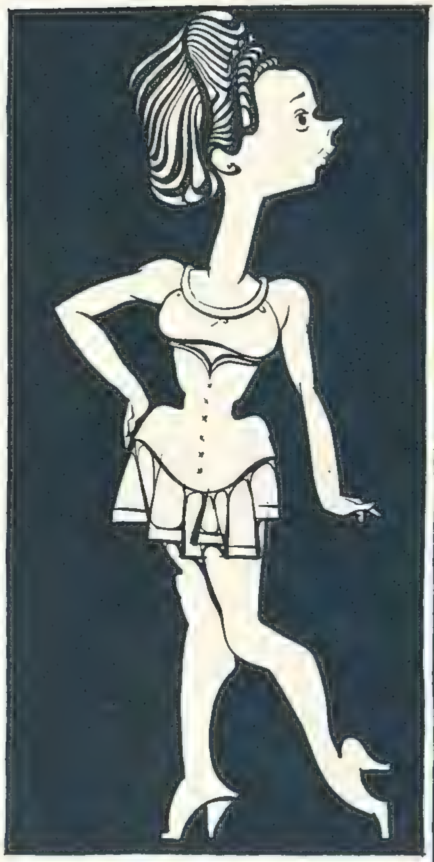
The wax Marlene has "her" hair combed and brushed daily by the dresser.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

WE are in midsummer, and the London theatres, except those which have successes defying the tropical temperature, are overtly having a holiday with closed doors, although behind them there may be buoyant activities for the autumn season. But "weather or no," there is one show that goes on *ad infinitum*. That is the "WINDMILL," which has just started its forty-seventh Revue, and is now preparing a grand gala for the celebration of its 4000 performances, spread over three years more or less. Who would have thought that there was so much life left in the old dog "Variety" when it was said to be on its last legs? But Mr. Van Damm, the faithful steward of Mrs. Laura Henderson, has a particular *flair* for what the public wants; he is a pathfinder as well as an adept of the old Greek philosopher who, when asked what he was sniffing and snooping for, answered: "I am in quest of men." At the Windmill Theatre, where John Tilley was theatrically born and reared, there are always one or two artists who are universal favourites, like the one and only "Gus," or who excel by extraordinary feats of choregraphic and acrobatic skill, or by vocal merits. Besides, in Miss Eve Bradfield, a scenic artist who works wonders in comparative obscurity whilst other producers are lauded sky-high, the Windmill may boast of a ballet-mistress whose eye is as imaginative as its sense is poetic. In each revue there is a little ballet, and in every one of them there is a harmony of colour, a symphonic grouping, a demonstration of lineal female charm, sculpturesque yet never *outré*, which from the point of view of beauty even exceeds many more costly and pretentious spectacles. This time it is called "The Nursery Frieze," and it pictures the dreamland vista of a dear little girl soothed to slumber by a solicitous nannie. It is as charming as fairyland in miniature can be. Besides this, the programme contains a couple of funny sketches and some graceful dances and a trio of Spanish acrobats, the Cottrilles, whose vertiginous and graceful group work is as amazing as it is full of Catalonian grace.



"EVER GREEN," at the Marble Arch Pavilion. MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS as "Harriet I." makes us wonder how our grandpapas put up with this sort of thing!

As Harriet II., in her Spanish costume in "EVER GREEN," MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS makes us wonder why the Armada left home.

In a sense the famous PICCOLI who have now wandered from the Scala via the Fortune to the ROYALTY also present a revue of their fine art. It contains many of the ever-popular numbers, from Bil-Bal-Bul, the renowned tight-rope artist, to the Bull Fight and the delectable scenes of Old Vienna when that now somewhat saddened capital was the joy spot of Europe. But it also has enlarged its sphere with a charming Midsummer Night's Dream, "The Sleeping Beauty," a medley of fairy tale, song, and dance exquisitely attuned to music in Grand Opera style by Ottorino Respighi, which syncopated with the unseen singers who both pulled the strings and called the tunes. With a little stretch of imagination it is as if you saw fairyland through inverted opera-glasses—so complete, so truly alive, is the picture of the tale, framed in microcosmic yet realistic scenery. As these homunculi disport themselves with all the graces of vitality, one can fancy, as it were, a pocket edition of the open-air performances at Regent's Park. Were it nor for the visibility of the strings, and an occasional divergence of the vocal notes from the lips of the puppets, one would say this is not the fiction of lifeless marionettes; this is a Lilliputian world full of live creatures who only in size differ from real actors and actresses. Handled by such artists as Vittorio Podrecca and his henchmen, the possibilities of the *piccoli* are infinite. With the soul of the leaders imbuing these robots with the breath of life, we can see them in our mind's eye performing the classics of the world in make-believe beyond the border-line of deception.

It cannot be repeated often enough, for it happens every day in life: truth is stranger than fiction. Did we not read the other day that a couple divorced some years ago became reunited in wedlock *da capo al fine*? Had a dramatist ere this occurrence handled it in a play we should have left the theatre with a query: Do such things actually happen? Fortunately for Mr. Vincent Lawrence, the author of "SOUR GRAPES," produced by the Repertory Players—and sure to go further, for their story is full of thankful parts for such fine actors as Nicholas Hannen and Roger Livesey—his postulate is not stranger than the aforesaid slice of life. The first act is wholly realistic in the best sense of the word. There we see the eternal triangle, husband, wife, lover; and the author skilfully presents them not theatrically, but as vital entities—all three having distinct individuality and acting and speaking as ordinary human beings. Later, to achieve his end, the author deviates a little from the straight course; he forces his way out of the tangle by letting the lover dutifully marry the girl whom he had jilted and left in foreshadowed maternity. The scene between these two was highly emotional, and well played by Mr. Roger Livesey and Miss Judy Gunn, but it did not quite convince us. It is rare that in 1934 the lover should make amends as lovers did in the late 'eighties, when Alexandre Dumas *fils* made Continental Europe weep in "Denise." However, in the end, he tightens his skeins again, and partly because we know the *dénouement* to be possible nowadays, and partly because the acting of Mr. Nicholas Hannen was so forthright and the début of the cinema star, Miss Constance Cummings, so promising, the general verdict was wholly favourable, and one that pointed to a fair career on the regular stage.

As Harriet II. she also makes us wonder what we should have been like had our grandmammas behaved like this!

The Gate Theatre, closed for some time, is to be opened in September under a new direction, which will pursue the policy of its founder, Mr. Peter Godfrey. Memberships are now being recruited, and the prospective repertory consists of plays by well-known British and foreign authors. The moderate entrance fee of half-a-guinea should induce many theatrical epicures to join.

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page 232.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" IN A HAMPSHIRE GARDEN.

1. MISS HERMIONE DARNBOROUGH was the dancer of "Nocturne" in the production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the gardens of Ovington Park, Alresford.

2. MR. K. N. HOME THOMSON (Secretary of the O.U.D.S.) was Puck. He is seen with the First Fairy (MISS DIANA WAKE).

3. MR. P. R. E. ARNHOLD was Oberon and MRS. ESTHER WRIGHT, Titania. The performances, given on July 26, 27, and 28, were in aid of Hampshire charities.

4. The gardens of Ovington Park, Alresford, Hants, provided a wonderful setting for "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Here Theseus (the HON. CLAUD PHILLIMORE) and Hyppolyta (MISS BEATRICE SPENCER SMITH) are arriving with their Court. The 150 performers included members of the O.U.D.S. and a full orchestra.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THE feud between the Tutts and the Ramsbothams supplies the foundations for a Ben Travers farce in "A CUP OF KINDNESS," at the New Gallery. It is sufficient for young Tutt to go a-wooing into the Ramsbotham camp to start a peck of trouble, and when Tutt Senior turns nasty, forcing his son to seek his fortune as a share-pusher, an occupation that nearly lands him in Bow Street, the old Aldwych team gets well into its stride. Tom Walls waxes amorous and hilarious in his cups, Ralph Lynn is a ridiculous Romeo and a nit-wit in business, whilst Robertson Hare fills in the gaps with his urbanities. Mr. Walls's direction is on the usual Christy Minstrel lines, mainly presenting a semi-circle of comic people firing off their comic lines. But they toss the dialogue about with such nimble assurance that the method of their madness hardly matters. The whole company goes into livelier action in Charlie Tutt's dream of the Stone Age, when cave-men really ruled the roost, and a girl could look bewitching, as Dorothy Hyson proves, in a two-piece swimming suit of white fox-fur.

"BABY TAKE A BOW," at the Capitol. Sherriffs has chosen to illustrate this film as "A Day in the life of Shirley, the wonder child." First comes the Pas de Deux, for SHIRLEY TEMPLE gives a modest little exhibition with her Dada on the occasion of her birthday. Dada is Mr. James Dunn.

Farce, music, and satire are neatly dovetailed in a jolly picture at the Carlton entitled "SHE LOVES ME NOT." The "She," I take it, refers to the sweet-voiced Kitty Carlisle, and since "he" is certainly Bing Crosby, the couple warble tunefully about the business of falling in love at the piano, over the 'phone, even up in the clouds. So much for sentiment. The fun centres around a chorus-girl, endowed with spirit and intelligence by Miriam Hopkins, who, running away from a spot of bother, finds shelter in a college-boy's rooms. With her portrait in all the papers, gangsters on her track, and a big film company very much alive to her publicity value, Miriam, a jaunty figure in her borrowed boy's clothes, soon turns the college topsy-turvy. Crooks and cameras, to say nothing of an irate fiancée and her mother, invade the Home of Learning, and the dignity of the Dean suffers considerably at the hands of an autocratic studio executive, joyously burlesqued by Lynne Overman. This entertaining piece is excellently acted and resourcefully directed by Elliott Nugent, who not only whips up the pace throughout, but even steers Crosby's crooning into comedy.

"The most unkindest cut . . . in "BABY TAKE A BOW" is here illustrated. SHIRLEY TEMPLE proposes to cut the miscreant's bonds, but he, ungratefully, feels it might as well be his throat.

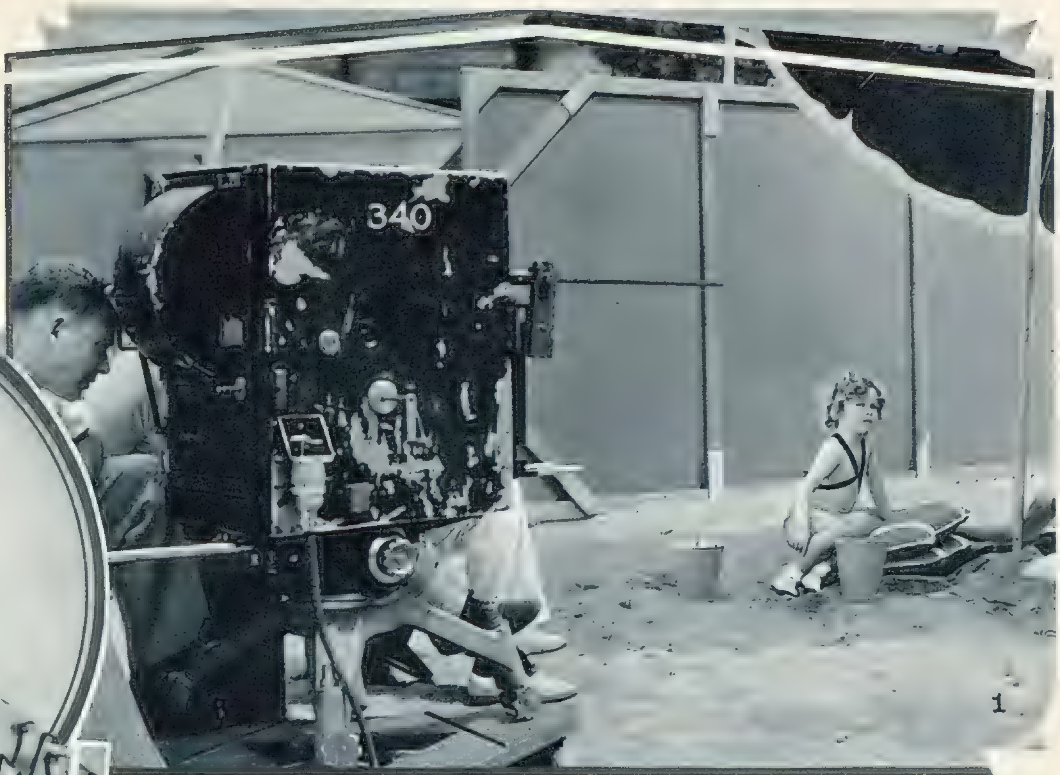
Little SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S next activity in "BABY TAKE A BOW," is to introduce some beads (value 50,000 dollars) into the pocket of her Dada (James Dunn), which causes frightful bothers.

The adaptation of Benn W. Levy's comedy, "SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY" (Capitol), has been brought to the screen more or less intact. This "conversation piece" betrays its stage origin all along the line. Except for one sequence, a brawl in a mission hall, which did not strike me as sufficiently humorous to justify its questionable taste, the picture relies on smart dialogue and daring situations for its entertainment-value. The temporary reformation of a philanderer by a pretty secretary, who turns out to be a whited sepulchre, supplies a theme that Mr. Levy decorates with much audacity and some wit. Until the uncinematic quality of the material puts on the brake, the wheels roll merrily enough, smoothly propelled not only by the director, Frank Tuttle, but also by a clever company. Otto Kruger gives us a taste of his versatility in his slick and elegant handling of the leading part. Nigel Bruce, as a *mari complaisant* pursuing a business deal and his own little "affair" with engaging fatuity, lends point to every line; whilst Heather Angel contributes a fresh and charming type of demure adventuress to a picture that will tickle the taste of those who like a *sauce piquante*.

The Empire weighs-in this week with strong drama, by way of contrast to the prevailing note of summer frivolity. "MEN IN WHITE," the screen version of a successful play still running in London, has been directed by Richard Boleslavsky with due appreciation of its main purpose—the exposition of the ceaseless activity in the service of humanity in a big modern hospital. The operating theatre, the wards, the long white corridors on whose gleaming walls the electric signals are in constant play, form a background that is even more vital than the drama played out against it. For there are certain aspects of this drama that are difficult to accept. We are asked to believe that a distinguished surgeon, anxious to save the career of his protégé, would allow the latter's fiancée to be present amongst the nurses at a serious operation, in order to open her eyes to the importance of medical work. Nor can there be much sympathy for the selfish society girl who is finally shocked into enlightenment. Nevertheless, the fine acting of Clark Gable, Jean Hersholt, and Myrna Loy, and a beautiful study in restrained emotion contributed by Elizabeth Allan, lend conviction to the fictional side of an engrossing picture.

"THE HOUSE OF CONNOLLY" well deserves to run, as it has done, into a second week at the Regal, for it is a charming, refreshingly leisurely picture, setting the frayed dignity of an old Carolina family and the healthy energy of a young Northerner against the warm beauty of the Southern State. Janet Gaynor, Lionel Barrymore, Henrietta Crosman, and Robert Young (in the best performance of his career) respond admirably to Henry King's sensitive direction.

£250 - A - WEEK FIVE - YEAR - OLD SHIRLEY TEMPLE.



SHIRLEY TEMPLE, the five-year-old film star who asked for £500 a week and finally agreed to take £250, is featured with Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard in a new Paramount picture, "Now and Forever." She is registering a thoughtful moment for the camera-man.

(Left) SHIRLEY TEMPLE is here all dolled-up in an elaborate organdie frock with polka-dots. Her smile is famous.

(Right) GARY COOPER is trying his famous charm on SHIRLEY TEMPLE, the five-year-old star, who refuses to be cajoled! They are both in "Now and Forever."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE isn't always working in the studios! This care-free snapshot of her with her father, Mr. George F. Temple, who is a bank manager, was taken when she was enjoying a day on the beach.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is here seen with another notable young film personality, BABY LEROY. He is crooning something very special into her ear.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF FILM STARS.

By CECIL BEATON.

No. IV: TALLULAH BANKHEAD.

YOU know what Tallulah looks like? She started out plump; she is now emaciated. You know that her figure is inexpressive and she is not interested in clothes, but her appearance is perfect for the stage and her face demands the boldest make-up. She has a Medusa profile, snake eyes that are her best feature, and, in spite of Hollywood, her hair remains unperoxided, an ashen mop. She is a great personality, and one of the most alarming eccentrics of to-day: a tornado, a whirlwind, a marathon. Her vitality is dynamic; she can sustain fever-pitch *ad infinitum*, until, like a child, she flops into a deep slumber. Jabber, jabber, jabber, never for a minute quiet; you are ten thousand times more exhausted than you would be by a bore, because she is amusing, talks sense, and has an undrainable fount of good stories, and nothing and nobody could interrupt her in what she is saying. She has tremendous powers of concentration, and her memory is fantastic; no detail escapes her, and she has a really good sense of humour, even about herself. Never vague or off her mettle, she is stimulated by a crowd, and even prefers to read a book to the accompaniment of ten people gabbling in the room. She keeps "open house," and must have an audience, even through the bathroom door. When she sleeps, "Eadie," her friend and companion, must be next door, in case she wants a cigarette or the window shut. She is like a child in that; as Elisabeth Bergner says: "Little children don't like being left alone."

Her entrance is always dramatic: noises off—chatter—bang!—the doors swing open, and this exotic personality, madly extravagant in action and manner, blows down all before her, like a hurricane, with her effusive ebullience. She "darlings" everyone—her friends, the waiters, "Eadie," and her dresser—lights one "Gold Flake" cigarette after another, without puffing more than twice at each, and in hotel suite after hotel suite there are the relics of these sadly discarded tubes. She can always be relied upon to put up a tremendous show, and display her sense of fantasy, her enthusiasms (often misplaced), and her frankness, which is often mistaken for rudeness. She is as talented as she is generous at giving all, and has developed such a personality that she speaks almost entirely in "Tallulah-isms," in a deep voice that sounds like a priest intoning. She will chant without pause for drawing breath.

"Darling I am *so* late but I had to have strychnine to get here because I'm *so* tired and we were *so* late this morning and Eadie's got a broken thumb and there was *such* a traffic queue that I had claustrophobia and had to get out of my *new* car that is *so* wonderful and *so* beautiful and I have a run in my stocking and I ran into the Bishop of London and it was *so* beautiful and I looked *so* beautiful and everything was *ever* so *gentil* . . ."

Then she laughs a witch's laugh, which is hollow, and echoes from caves. She is a grand person: kind, staunch, loyal, and generous. You wonder why she cannot relax; but it is impossible. She has attained such a pitch that she must keep up, and she *will* keep up till the end, which is bound to be violent. Maybe you think her unreasonable, which she is, though she does not realise it; but she is an extraordinary museum specimen, and allowances must be made. Let me let you into a secret: though heaven knows why she should feel this way, she has a really strong inferiority complex, and to stifle it, she must boast and brag, and continuously fill the limelight. Determined always to be on top of her form, she is indefatigable, with the constitution of an ox; anyone else who had led her life would have long past faded away.

That she has not fulfilled the highest expectations in films is not her fault. The day should come when she will be suitably cast, and, in the meantime, while on the stage, we hope she will not struggle against odds in the way she has had to in the past; for any success which any of these plays have achieved, with the exception of "Fallen Angels" and "They Knew What She Wanted," has been on account of her personality, with but comparatively small credit due to the author.

MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD, whose tremendous personality Mr. Cecil Beaton discusses on this page, was born in Alabama, U.S.A., and made her stage début at the Bijou Theatre, New York. She made an immediate "hit" when she appeared in London in 1923, and played in a number of English productions, including "The Green Hat." Mr. Cecil Beaton considers that she has never yet been suitably cast in a film production, and that her picture success is entirely due to her own remarkable personality, and not to any skill on the part of the authors of the films she has starred in.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

Perhaps her fever-pitch of excitement was reached when she arrived in Hollywood to discover this new world. Her days were spent in pyjamas in an enormous house, decorated in Hollywood's grand tradition. A dozen people were her permanent guests; meals were served on a superb canteen scale; at no meal sat less than eighteen people, the hostess hardly sitting at the table for more than a bite between getting up to give brilliant imitations of the other stars, and, inevitably, she was continuously finding herself in fantastic situations, only to be seen to be believed.

It is strange that this phenomenon, with such definite likes and dislikes, should go through existence with no mark of her personality in her clothes or in her rooms. She is oblivious to her surroundings so long as there is strong electric light, a tin of "Gold Flake," and an audience. She has acquired no possessions except a string of pearls, an Augustus John portrait, and a Rolls-Royce, in storage in Hollywood. She has not, until recently, kept any of her photographs, but, since "Eadie" has stuck a few of the Hollywood period press-clippings into an album, Tallulah, in her more excited moments, produces them, saying: "Have you ever seen anything *so* beautiful and *so* divine? Have you ever seen anything like that face? Have you ever seen anything like that profile? See what it says: 'Tallulah glamour,' 'Tallulah Marlene,' 'Tallulah Garbo,' 'Tallulah glamour.'"

She is a born actress, and never for a moment forgets that it is up to her to behave as such, and to cap her last eccentricity. She is always game, and if at any time of the night you call upon her, she will organise a party that will last till breakfast time, with imitations, charades, "Chinese classical" dances, "Marion Harris will sing 'Time on My Hands,' sitting on the piano." In the morning the hotel housemaid will come in to clear away the glasses, sprinkle with water the floral tributes, and brush away the ash of the cigarette-ends. By ten o'clock Tallulah will have begun her day's telephoning again.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

TALLULAH — THE MARATHON.

MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD, stage and screen celebrity, is the subject of Mr. Cecil Beaton's fourth article in our series of "Personal Portraits of Film Stars." He writes of her great personality and says that she is "a tornado, a whirlwind, a marathon," and that her "vitality is dynamic." She came to England in 1923, and appeared as Maxine in "The Dancers." She was then seen in "Fallen Angels," "The Green Hat," and other plays, and, after returning to America, she was placed under contract to Paramount Pictures, and has appeared in films including "Devil and the Deep."

UNFAMILIAR ASPECTS OF THE BERGNER.

1. *ELISABETH BERGNER is familiar to British screen- and stage-goers as Gemma, of "Escape Me Never"; Tessa, of "The Constant Nymph"; Catherine, of "Queen Catherine"; and Ariane, of "The Loves of Ariane." Here she is as Shaw's "Saint Joan," a part in which she has made a great success in Berlin.*
2. *Her Shakespearean rôles include Portia in "The Merchant of Venice."*
3. *One of Elisabeth Bergner's first stage parts in Berlin was in "Der Lasterhafte Herr Tschuh" (The Vicious Mr. Tschuh).*
4. *She appeared in this costume in the comedy, "Einen Jux will er sich machen" (He Makes a Joke of Himself), in Berlin.*
5. *Elisabeth Bergner (in private life Mrs. Czinner) at home. She is posed with her favourite dog.*
6. *She appeared in this outsize lounge suit in "Der Geiger von Florenz" (The Violinist of Florence), a silent film which was seen in England under the title of "Impetuous Youth." The long run of "Escape Me Never" has now ended. Miss Bergner will be seen at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon in "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night" next year.*

AT THE NINETEENTH the stroke of genius most appreciated by all is the soothing hospitality of Haig. To avoid disappointment at the Club House **AND ELSEWHERE**

SAY 'HAIG'—*"why be vague?"*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MR. MICHAEL ARLEN calls his new novel "a bed-time story." Whatever else it is, it certainly is not that. Read at midday, in the full sun, it made me feel extremely uncomfortable, and in more than one way. Mr. Arlen shows himself no mean master of the supernatural; there are passages in "Hell! Said the Duchess" worthy to stand beside "Dracula" or "The Beetle"—though I must not give away too much of the plot of Mr. Arlen's story, which opens with a deceptive air of tranquillity, then plunges into crime, and ends in an orgy of horror.

Mr. Arlen is an artist, though his art is too luscious, too self-conscious, too mannered to satisfy a fastidious taste. But he has pleasant flights of fancy, and he writes amusingly about London—

The spiteful, narrow mouth of the Strand, which captains the noisy cohorts of the W.C.2 district, and is always ready to inconvenience its betters, the spacious squares and wide avenues of S.W.1 and W.1, was discharging against its enemies a roar of buses, a flight of taxis, and a pride of limousines. Cockspur Street, across Trafalgar Square, received these missiles with the sullen dignity of the defenceless, for being a one-way street she got all the kicks and none of the fun.

A Painful Subject. One of the secrets of Mr. Arlen's popularity is that he writes as though he was enjoying it—with the same spirit, albeit not with the same genius, that animated Dickens, and the same impulse to turn life into a fairy-tale. The Duchess of Dove, we gradually learn, is under an enchantment: the mildest, most benevolent, most retiring, most beautiful of women, she is forced by a loathsome "possession" to act in the very way her conscious mind would most abhor. A painful theme, but one which, had the author handled it more discreetly, might easily have made a first-rate story on the lines of Sheridan Lefanu's "Camilla." Unfortunately, however, Mr. Arlen misses some of his opportunities. He ignores the finer shades, the opportunities for symbolism and allegory, and concentrates on the more sensational and (it must be admitted) the more repulsive aspects of his subject. In the final scenes he definitely goes too far, and, instead of thrilling our nerves, he turns our stomachs. It is a pity he yielded to this temptation, for his talent keeps flashing out like precious metal in the bed of a muddy stream. He has so many of the novelist's gifts: wit, humour, irony, a light touch, a keen awareness of the spirit of the age; but he deflates their value by unaccountable lapses of taste and by writing in a rather self-congratulatory tone of voice which, after a time, becomes decidedly irritating.

"The Coward." "The Coward" is a much more satisfactory and workmanlike book, although Miss Meredith's imagination, powerful and effective within its limitations, is seldom capable of fantasy. It does not construct or transform its material; it presents, analyses, explains: tells us exactly how Charles Laleham felt after he had killed Isidore Zimmern, and what his sensations were when another man was charged with the crime. Miss Meredith is as accurate and ruthless as a surgeon with his knife: she makes no concessions to sentiment until the last few pages of the book. Even when the study of Charles's tormented mind turns, rather unexpectedly, into a detective story, she maintains a rigid realism, not only of the letter, but of the spirit. The reader must be prepared to accept the extraordinary and fatal coincidence which took Hayter to his father-in-law's office only a few minutes after the murderer (if Charles can be called a murderer) had left it. But, after all, the thing is only unlikely, not impossible; and the gradual drawing of the net round the luckless and antipathetic Hayter is described in such a way as to bring absolute conviction. So many novelists seem at home in a court of law that one feels only a passing admiration for the trial scene in "The Coward." But it is splendidly done: the points are clearly made, and the witnesses are real human beings, not just repositories of certain facts; while the learned counsel leave one bewildered by their acumen and their eloquence.

Tardy Confession. Miss Meredith has so much command over detail, such a gift for verisimilitude, that one tends to overlook what is happening in Charles's fury-ridden heart. Inevitably, as the story proceeds, the centre of interest shifts from him to Hayter. But this has its psychological justification, because, during the trial, Charles projects himself so intensely into the accused man's mind that they almost become identified. For the first few days after the murder, Charles had but one wish: to remain undiscovered. Hayter's arrest and trial changed all that; his one preoccupation now was horror lest an innocent man should be hanged for his offence. The transformation is portrayed so subtly and naturally that one hardly notices it, and it gives us no surprise when Charles, after a lifetime's cowardice, springs to his feet and tries to make his confession heard. Nor is it surprising when his neighbour pulls him back into his seat and tells him not to make a scene.

All the characters are well drawn, and Miss Meredith deserves a special word of praise for her portrait of Charles's wife, Lesley, superficially an excellent young woman, intelligent, practical, emancipated, bursting with zeal for social reform; but also (we find on nearer acquaintance) cold-hearted, unimaginative, unsympathetic. We feel the chill of her contempt for Charles, and wince under it, even when she is not speaking. "The Coward" is a book that does not lend itself to adverse criticism. Perhaps the *dénouement* is a "get-out," but, after so much misery, one does not mind; one is grateful for any ray of hope. For the rest of the story is so gloomy and so disturbing that, reading it in bed, I was obliged to put it down, fearing to start the night in the uncomfortable frame of mind it provoked.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

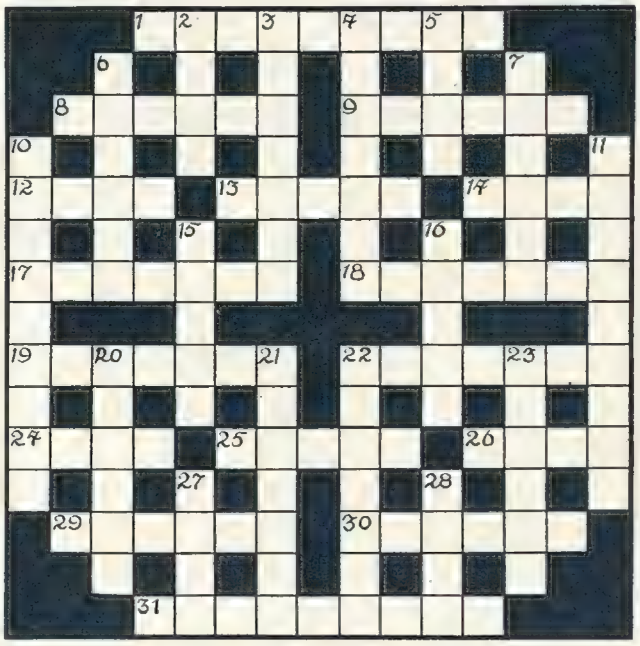
Hell! Said the Duchess. By Michael Arlen. (*Heinemann; 6s.*)

The Coward. By Anne Meredith. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

1. One result of many punctures.
8. A vehicle still available in April and August.
9. Home ones are occasionally unpleasant.
12. What the lilies of the field don't do.
13. Sounds like a bird bargain. Surely that's a reasonable No. 14 Across.
14. One of 32 in this puzzle.
17. Savage.
18. Stir tea, then upset it, and it will become this.
19. Evidence that someone has a will of his own.
22. A town in Kent.
24. See clue to No. 12 Across.
25. I have seen the sea in this mood.
26. A portent that reads like an in vocation to our race.
29. Most of this tie is a wireless vehicle, so to speak.
30. A trophy you'd expect to find in Bucks.
31. No elegant gait with a pretence for a start and a fishy ending.



DOWN.

2. Helps with a first-rate opening.
3. Make it stiffer, but even with a little alteration, it's not huge.
4. Survive, like the tenth man to lose his wicket.
5. Good sense.
6. A whip about six is by no means close-fisted.
7. Cold though it sounds, it makes cayenne.
10. It is trodden under foot, and helps you to rise.
11. Harm with a neat and a frosty interior.
15. A kiss, if it's a hearty one.
16. Good place to go for tea.
20. May be on the road, but may hook it at any moment.
21. Lloyd George never thought of asking him to produce cannons.
22. Means to cut it short, but the dog is sitting on the part to cut short.
23. Miss Smith, the beauty specialist, thinks this is too hefty an implement to employ on the nails.
27. It's easy to make a hash of this.
28. A great school.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Tuesday morning next, August 7, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published in the centre of page 232, must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

So bracing!

Tonic—keen and bracing as an easterly breeze. A tang as freshening to the palate as the flick of spray on the cheek. A dance of sparkling bubbles much nearer than the Solent . . . . tonic by

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

ALTHOUGH, as golf news goes, it is now almost ancient history, I feel I may be excused in referring to the Amateur International match between England and France that took place recently at Wentworth. To begin with, it marked the institution of a fresh international fixture, which will be held in future alternately in England and France. Secondly, it drew attention to the progress that French amateur golf has made, for our visitors only lost to a strong English team by five matches to three on the day's play, after winning the foursomes by two matches to one; and, lastly, it was a very pleasant and interesting day, with France represented by seven of as charming a company of good sportsmen and players as anyone could wish to meet. André Vagliano, the French captain, is a member of the Royal and Ancient Club and the Oxford and Cambridge Society, with a grand record in his country's golf; and the others of his team—André Gobert, whom so many of us have watched with admiration on the courts at Wimbledon; Comte "Lulu" Montgomery, Michel Carlhian, Y. Le Guellec, J. Leglise, and Comte F. de Bagneux—all men of their hands. Carlhian, Le Guellec, and Leglise are all young players of promise, and I and many others who saw them in action at Wentworth will look forward to next year's match in France. The French Ambassador, who came to see the match, must have been proud of his countrymen.

The Value of Such Matches.

The value of such meetings cannot be over-estimated, and the more that are played in such conditions and in such a spirit—where the old traditions of the game are scrupulously observed—the better will be the understanding between each country's representatives. Where, as in the case of this and the French and German match, the adventure is a new one, the foundations of good fellowship are established; where and when the players have met before, mutual respect and often lasting friendships result, and as such have an influence with a range far wider than the game of golf. And this is a really heartening sign at a time when the chief need of the world is good understanding between peoples, and let us hope that, with the improvement in world conditions, more and more will be made of golf as a means to this end. Already two golfing tours from this country are in the offing.

MISS LAURA COWIE, the famous actress, attended the Bar Golfing Society's Ball in the Middle Temple Hall. She is talking to MR. LIONEL EDWARDS in the garden.

MR. MAXWELL TURNER and LADY WORTHINGTON-EVANS were among the guests at the Bar Golfing Society's Ball in aid of the Barristers' Benevolent Association. Lady Worthington-Evans is the wife of Sir Shirley Worthington-Evans, Bt.

MR. JUSTICE HAWKE and LADY HAWKE received the guests at the Bar Golfing Society's Ball. The beautiful panelling of the Middle Temple Hall can be seen in this photograph.

The Bar Golfing Society held their ball in the Middle Temple Hall. SIR EDWARD TINDAL ATKINSON is here talking to LADY SIMMONS.

A Good Team.

The first is the visit that a team of British ladies is making to Canada and the United States, under the captaincy and management of Miss Doris Chambers. She will be accompanied by Miss Pam Barton, Mrs. G. Coats, Miss Diana Fishwick, Miss Molly Gourlay, Miss Wanda Morgan, Miss Diana Plumpton, and Mrs. J. B. Walker, with Miss Elsie Corlett, Miss Kathleen Garnham, Miss Jessie Anderson, Miss Phyllis Wade, and Miss J. M. Cooper as most dependable and accomplished reserves. They will sail at the end of August, play against Canada in the middle of September, and a fortnight later will meet the United States in an attempt to bring back the Curtis Cup as a make-weight to the Walker Cup, still the will-o'-the-wisp that eludes our men amateurs. I have sanguine hopes that our ladies will triumph where our men have so far failed, but, whether or no, they will certainly be good ambassadresses, and as certainly will be met with wonderful hospitality and friendship, both in the Dominion and America. And here is wishing them a pleasant journey and a happy return laden with the spoils of victory!

A Visit to the Commonwealth.

The second is the long journey and protracted but delightful stay that four of our men amateurs, chosen by the Royal and Ancient Club, will make to Australia. This is the outcome of a previous invitation from the Commonwealth which the slump nipped in the bud. Who will represent us I do not know at the moment of writing, but I could wish that Michael Scott might be one of them, for he was Amateur Champion of Australia in 1905, 1907, 1909, and 1910, and runner-up in 1904; and Open Champion in 1904 and 1907. Again, he was the New South Wales Champion in 1909 and 1910, and Amateur Champion of Victoria in 1904, 1905, 1907, 1908, 1909, and 1910. His would be a particularly happy and appropriate selection, for there will be great golf doings in connection with the approaching Melbourne Centenary festivities.

A Golf Festival.

Already arrangements are far advanced for a great golfing festival, for the Victorian Golf Association is holding a meeting from Nov. 15 to Nov. 24, during which a Centenary Open Championship, a Centenary Amateur Championship, and a Centenary Professional Championship will be held, for which entries close on Oct. 24. I wish more than four of our amateurs could take part, and that it would be possible for a representative company of our professionals to "make it" also, for the United States are sure to be "forward." The three Championships will be held over the course of the Metropolitan Club at Oakleigh, Victoria, and already £3000 has been found towards prizes and prize-money. The Open Championship will be held over 72 holes, on Nov. 15, 16, and 17. Eighteen holes will be played on the 15th and 16th, and sixty players and ties will play a further 36 on the 17th. The winning professional will receive £1000, the second £400, the third £200, and so on. The leading amateur will receive a gold cup. The sixteen leading amateurs in the Open will qualify for the Amateur Championship, over 36 holes match play, on Nov. 19, 20, 21, and 22, and the sixteen leading professionals in the Open, under similar conditions, for the Professional Championship. The first prize for this last will be £500, and so on in proportion. Such enterprise deserves a good entry. I wish I could make the voyage to see it all.

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News; Every Friday.

PLAYER'S

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HERE, THERE, EVERYWHERE, IN THE MOST UNEXPECTED PLACES IT IS POSSIBLE TO BUY PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES. THE VAST DEMAND WHICH MAKES THIS POSSIBLE ALSO GUARANTEES THEIR UNFAILING FRESHNESS.

CARD BOX OF	50	FOR	2/5
	20	"	$11\frac{1}{2}$
	10	"	6^d

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N.C.C. 183A

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"BEELZEBUB, I tell you it was. I'll lay you five to one——"

"And I say it was Belshazzar. You don't know what you are talking about."

"But what's it got to do with us, who saw it?" The Jobber demanded. "If you honestly believe that the present writing on the wall says that Kaffirs are too high——"

"I said they were high enough," The City Editor amended.

"All right: quite high enough. What I ask is——"

"Yes, yes; writing on the wall; Beelzebub; Belteshazzar——"

"Or some distant relation, let us say. What has the writing on the wall got to do with, say, Kleinfontein?"

This being one of the best bits of advice offered here for some time past, The Compartment was, in a way, warranted in rubbing it in.

"Not but what some of your other tips are a long way from coming off," remarked The City Editor. "How about South African Townships? They take a lot of shifting, eh?"

"We shall see them go ahead. Don't you worry. And those new Kaffirs, Ventersposts, are handy to put away."

"Nimble ninepence sort of thing?"

"Well, yes, in a way. But rather more serious than that, if you have the patience to see it through."

The Engineer was appealed to for an opinion as to the probable course of gold.

"It's no use asking me; I've no means for telling," he disclaimed. "I was going to ask you the same question, as a matter of fact. Think we shall see gold come down?"

"If we do, there's going to be a nasty smash-up in our markets," observed The Broker. "But I can't see any fall myself."

"Don't you think it's bound to come?" The Merchant suggested.

"No, I certainly don't. It will be years, so far as I can guess, before a fall in gold—of any magnitude, I mean—will take place."

"Those New Zealand shares look tempting, don't you think? Blackwaters, and Consolidated of New Zealand."

"They do look cheap," agreed The Merchant. "After all, there aren't many mining shares that pay you ten per cent. on the money."

"Seems to me that a good many of these dividend-payers are what you call tempting. Lake View and Star, for instance. Champion Reef. And there's a share called Gabait that I'm told to keep my eye on for a rise."

"Contradiction in terms," declared The Jobber. "How can it rise if you've got your eye on it? That's enough to keep anything down."

"I often wonder why it is that some of these shares seem to hang fire as they do."

"The public can't follow everything at once. Besides, the Stock Exchange markets have had a good time: people have made a fair amount of money. It's natural that they should be content to leave shares alone a bit, and to spend part of their profits."

"Funny, isn't it, what a difference the point of view makes?" The Broker remarked. "I come into contact with all kinds of people——"

"That accounts for your polished corners," The Jobber explained.

"What I was going to say is that three or four years back I found clients were keen to save any fiver they could when they bought a car. And to-day, they talk in-between five hundred and fifteen hundred pounds."

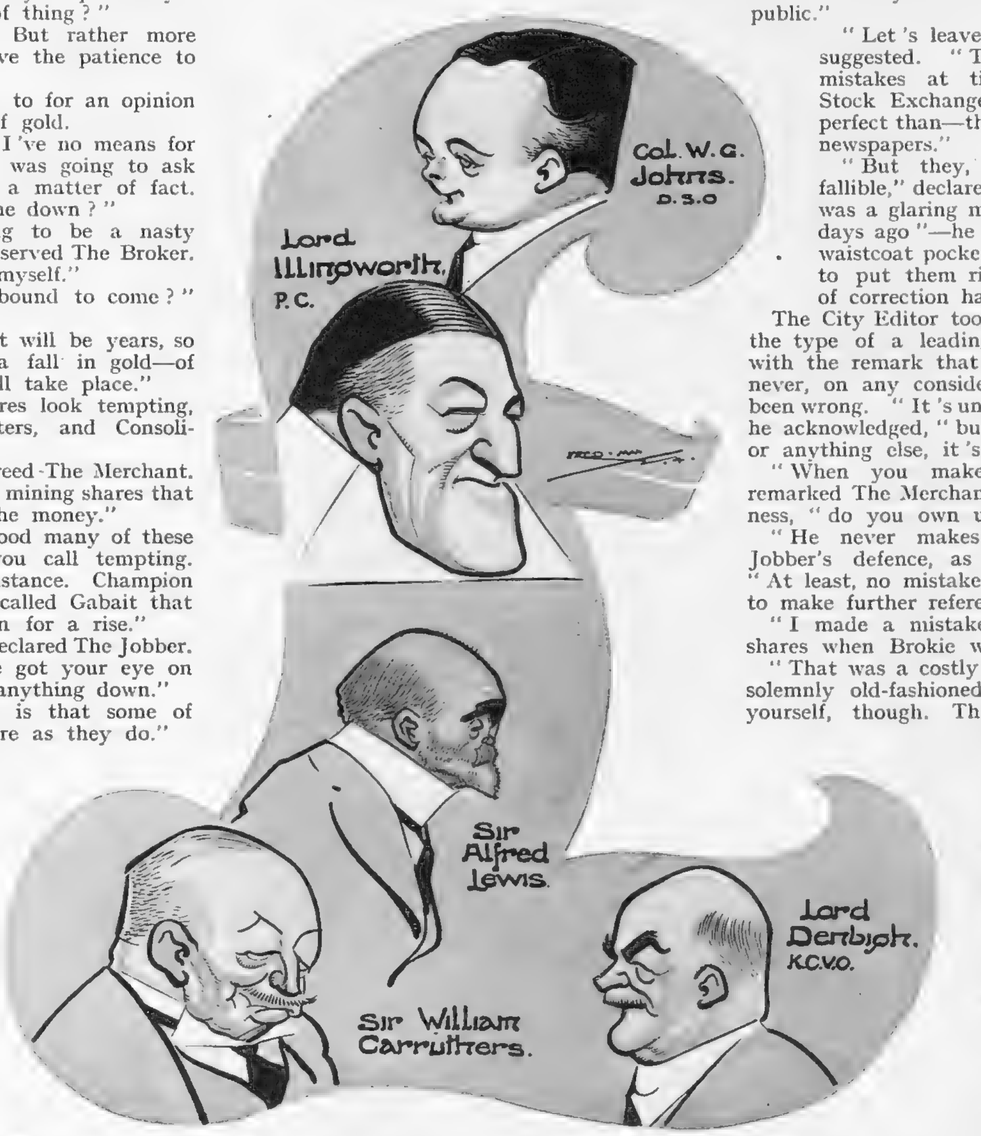
"That's swank."

"No, it's not. It's the natural effect of having the money to spend, and a reaction against the previous forced economy."

"Mebbe. But you see any number of cars that cost well under five hundred - to-day."

"I know you do. They are more popular than ever. Men can afford to buy these, as well as the others. And they do. After all, cars are remarkably cheap to-day, so why shouldn't you have one?"

"May I? Oh, thanks awfully! I will take a look round on my way home, and let you know, in the morning, what I decide upon. Is there any limit?"



This week Fred May has produced these distinguished BANK HEADS. Colonel W. G. Johns is a Joint General Manager of Lloyd's Bank and Chairman of the Bankers' Health Insurance Committee. He is also Chairman of the West London Hospital.——Lord Illingworth is a director of the National Provincial Bank.——Sir Alfred Lewis is a director of the Bank of British West Africa and Deputy Chairman of the National Provincial Bank. He is also a director of the Yorkshire Penny Bank.——Sir William Carruthers is a director of Barclay's Bank.——Lord Denbigh is a director of the Midland Bank.

"Yes: you're the limit. And the sooner it is executed, the better. You can buy your own cars, a whole fleet of them, and take them down to Portsmouth for Navy Week."

"That Stock Exchange Committee of yours will come unstuck one of these days," hinted The City Editor darkly. "People are getting more and more puzzled by their decisions."

"So they are themselves," asserted The Broker. "I was talking to a Committee-man yesterday in the House, and he said straight out——"

"With a red-letter notice over his remarks, I guess," said The Jobber meaningly.

(When the Stock Exchange Committee do not want any announcement of theirs to be communicated to the Press, they have a printed warning to that effect pinned to the head of the notice. Very few members will break, even by studied inadvertence, this Gentleman's Agreement, which is printed in red letters.)

The Broker went on to repeat that the Committee-man said, straight out, that the weather was exceptional for this time of year. "And I agreed with every word," he added, with admirable airiness.

The City Editor was not going to let him down so lightly.

"Your Committee refuse permission to deal in my company's shares," he maintained, "because of some little flaw in the particulars, but they give permission to deal in your company's shares that may land the public in graver loss than mine are ever likely to do."

"You don't understand," said The Broker, though a little uncomfortably. "If you did, you would better appreciate our Committee's anxiety to do all they can for the protection of the public."

"Let's leave it at that," The Jobber suggested. "The best of us can make mistakes at times, and perhaps the Stock Exchange Committee are no more perfect than—than—some writers for the newspapers."

"But they, at all events, are infallible," declared The Engineer. "There was a glaring mistake in my paper a few days ago"—he drew the cutting from his waistcoat pocket—"and I rang them up to put them right. But never a word of correction has appeared."

The City Editor took the cutting, recognised the type of a leading daily, and returned it with the remark that the paper's policy seems never, on any consideration, to admit having been wrong. "It's unfair, and it's misleading," he acknowledged, "but there you are. Finance or anything else, it's all the same."

"When you make a mistake yourself," remarked The Merchant without excess of kindness, "do you own up and apologise?"

"He never makes a mistake," was The Jobber's defence, as gallant as unexpected. "At least, no mistake of sufficient consequence to make further reference necessary."

"I made a mistake in not buying aircraft shares when Brokie wanted us to."

"That was a costly error," said The Broker, solemnly old-fashioned. "You can still help yourself, though. The good shares are not likely to hurt you."

"By the way, does anyone know a company called United Exploration? Is there any market in the House?"

"No," said The Broker.

"They are not in my line, anyhow, and I think, if I were you, I should sell them and buy marketable mines."

"How can I sell them if there's no Stock Exchange market?"

"How did you buy them, there being no Stock Exchange market?"

The Merchant looked at the two members of the House, received no satisfaction from his scrutiny, and——

"I shall start a Stock Exchange of my own," he threatened.

"Yes, I should," replied The Broker untruthfully. "You're only the fifteenth man who has told me the same thing within the past fortnight. And I have promised to act as Treasurer to all the lot."

"Isn't there anything left over for me?" asked The Jobber. "I ought to——"

"You have been appointed," replied The Broker generously, "Deputy Chief Market-Maker to the first six Committees."

"That's jolly decent of you, old chap. Thanks awfully. How shall I start?"

The Broker regarded him thoughtfully. "Well," said he at length, "I think you might start by cultivating that Kruschen feeling."

The Jobber, not being on the Stock Exchange Committee, sniggered audibly.

Friday, July 27, 1934.

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

For travelling — Northward in preparation for the Twelfth, or Southward in search of sun-tan, is immaterial, since the suit on the left is made in natural camel-hair as well as in Scotch tweed patterned with a two-toned check. The circular cape-collar, the reversed insets on the sleeves and pockets, the natural horn buttons, and the waisted jacket are fashion points which make it noteworthy, even for a Burberry suit—and everybody knows how exalted is their standard. This one may be seen at their shop in the Haymarket.

With sufficient width in the skirt to give freedom of movement, and a snugness about the waist which is emphasised by the panel down the front, this woollen overcheck waterproof completely refutes the theory that to be practical one must sacrifice all else. Made by Elvery, of 31, Conduit Street, W., in brown, with touches of green and orange, in black and white, or in blue and white, it costs five guineas, and has an adjustable half-belt.

Admirably tailored and cut with a truly masculine appreciation of line, the suit below is made in a new Scotch tweed, and it comes from Studd and Millington, of 51, Conduit Street, W. In nigger brown, with faint beige diagonal stripes and dots, it is double-breasted, and it has two useful flap pockets. It can be made to measure in any colour from eight guineas. The gaily-checked Kynoch scarf, in a medley of contrasted shades, costs 7s. 6d.

NORTH O' THE BORDER.

SOME CLOTHES FOR WOMEN WHO FOLLOW THE GUNS.

CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD

A comfortable hat is one of the greatest considerations, for no woman can feel happy or look well if she is conscious of a weight which presses on her brow. As light as a feather, the soft stitched felt hat on the left is in beige, trimmed with a Petersham ribbon and a jaunty little brown and orange feather. It costs only one guinea, and can be had in all good sports colours from Henry Heath, of 105, Oxford Street, W.

Very little can be seen of the coat, but it is an excellent one, in a brown and beige hand-made Connemara tweed. It costs six guineas, is capacious and very well cut, and is lined with a boldly checked all-wool fabric. If, on your next shopping expedition, you find yourself nearer Piccadilly than Oxford Street, call in and see Henry Heath's new salon at 172, New Bond Street, for it is well worth a visit.

MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

THERE is a lot of talk going on just now, in sporting circles, over the holding of races and trials for standard production cars. On the one hand, it is suggested that it is of far more value to the private motorist to see how standard or slightly-modified production cars perform in such events, while, on the other hand, it is argued that if you are going to test production models you are merely testing already well-tried chassis and not allowing the manufacturer to prove in a public competition the new features that he wishes to incorporate, say, in his 1935 models.

There is a lot to be said for both points of view. The car manufacturer is obviously getting unmerited kudos when an entirely special car, differing in vital respects from those he sells to the public, performs with distinction in a big trial. On the other hand, features which were tried out in this special car may become standard practice in the touring models of to-morrow. The problem can be solved, I think, by having some trials and races open only to standard production cars, and others open to manufacturers, who would, however, be allowed to enter any type of vehicle bearing their name.

In this year's Alpine Trial, for instance, no less than 100 cars of the type entered must have been built before Aug. 1, 1934. In every particular, the specification of the cars which take part in the trial must agree with those given in the catalogues and which apply to 100 vehicles already produced of the same model. In the Tourist Trophy race to be held near Belfast on Sept. 1, at least thirty cars of the type entered must have been built and supercharged engines are banned. A great many people went off the deep end when this was announced, and said it was "just like the R.A.C. to produce a lot of silly regulations which debarred all progress." They went on to say that the race, as a spectacle, would be ruined, and "who wanted to go and see a lot of family cars tooling round?"

SIR HERBERT AUSTIN presented the prizes at the Golf Tournament between Austin distributors and staff, which took place at Blackwell, near Birmingham. The competitors numbered about a hundred; and among the visitors competing were Mr. W. Rootes, Captain A. C. R. Waite, and Mr. C. R. F. Engelbach. The prize-winners were Mr. A. H. Romans, with a net 68, in the first division; Mr. W. Whitforth, with a net 70 in the second division; and Mr. C. Cullimore, with a net 66 in the third division.

Needless to say, they were wrong. The R.A.C. has shown wisdom and courage in drawing up the regulations as they have done. They have reaped their reward in the shape of a much bigger entry than last year, with a greater variety of makes taking part than has been seen at Ulster for some time. After all, there are very few supercharged cars produced in any quantities and selling at anything like a reasonable price. Those who want to see the last word in racing cars can go to the big international Grands Prix, but anyone who wants to see a really good scrap between cars the names of which are household words in this country, cannot do better than run over to Belfast for the T.T. The enormous difference in the price of the cars taking part, even in the same class, is interesting in itself. There is one of the new Bentleys running against three 4½-litre Lagondas and three Fords. I doubt whether these cars would ever have been seen at grips had the regulations continued to admit supercharged cars. None of them would have stood much chance against a supercharged racing Alfa Romeo with the additional equipment tacked on so that it could be described as "in touring trim."

There is a very great deal of interest in the respective merits, bearing in mind the price differences, of the Bentley, Ford, and Lagonda. On the Ards Circuit the capabilities of these cars under identical circumstances will be fully demonstrated. In the smaller classes there will be less novelty, for the Rileys have shown themselves capable of astounding performances, even in direct competition with supercharged cars. Tazio Nuvolari, the Italian champion and possibly the finest driver in the world to-day, will show his skill on an unsupercharged M.G. Magnette, and it will be interesting to see by how much his speed differs from that which he averaged last year when he won the race on a "Blown" edition of the same car.

By the time these words appear in print many of the British competitors in the International Alpine Trial will be crossing the Channel en route for Nice, which is the starting point this year. Their cars have all been examined by engineers appointed by the R.A.C. to see that they conform exactly to the specification of 100 similar cars already sold, and the descriptions given in the catalogues. Although in certain quarters there has been an outcry against the regulations, I personally consider them eminently fair. A proof that they are not distasteful to the majority of English private owners and manufacturers is the large entry received from this country.

The trial will provide confirmation, in many cases, of the successes scored by vehicles of certain makes in last year's event. The Alpine Trial is undoubtedly the most gruelling test which a touring car can undergo. Something like 1750 miles have to be covered on the lofty passes of the Alps and the sweltering lowlands north of the Adriatic, finishing up with an excursion into the interior of Yugo-Slavia before finishing in Munich.

1935 MODELS.

Speculation is rife as to the surprises which some of our manufacturers are expected to spring upon us from next month onwards. As usual, the wildest rumours have been going round, some of them only to be emphatically denied. The Riley Company, for instance, announces that there will be no change whatever in the specification of their 9-h.p. cars for the coming season. Mr. Victor Riley denies the rumour that certain vital modifications will be effected in next year's 9-h.p. Riley engine. The Riley "Nine" was introduced in 1927, and was so far ahead of its time that even now, after seven years, practically no alterations have been found necessary as far as the engine is concerned. In other respects the car has only been modified in detail, and yet it remains one of the marvels of the motoring world, as famous in its own way as the classic model "T" Ford. There are nearly 25,000 Riley "Nines" in the hands of the public, and during the last few years cars of this type have won almost every racing event of note, including the Tourist Trophy Race and the Rudge-Whitworth Cup race at Le Mans.

Other notably interesting advance news from the motor manufacturing world includes the information that there is a Triumph racing car on the stocks which somewhat resembles the successful Alfa Romeo racers. Another factory, near London, is contemplating a change in design, and a world-famous designer of fast cars has been engaged for the purpose. In the course of the next few weeks the curtain will go up on the 1935 programmes of most of our leading manufacturers, who, at the moment, having disposed of practically their entire stock of 1934 cars, are more or less marking time until they can get busy on the production of their new chassis.

The RENAULT FOUR-SEATER "AIRLINE" COUPÉ (drop-head) is a most attractive proposition. Its price on a SPEED SIX CHASSIS is £365.

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Put a bottle of Larola in your bag this summer—you will find it worth all the beauty aids imaginable. Larola is a cleanser and beautifier all in one—easy to pack and just as easy to use. You need have no fear of painful sunburn or unsightly blistering this summer if you use Larola. Regular applications give you all the protection your skin requires, whilst helping you to acquire a healthy and fashionable summer tan. To keep soft and smooth your arms, hands, and face, use Larola.

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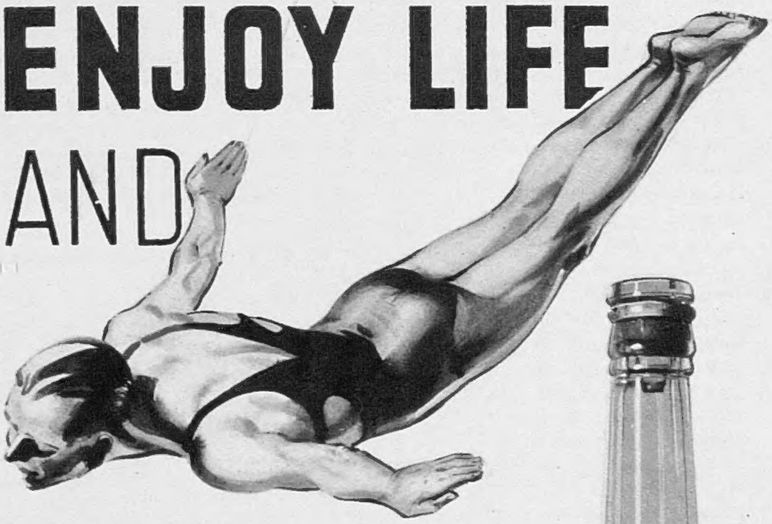

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WITH
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MATURED LIKE A GOOD WINE

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DLXIV.

A LITTLE AUCTION.

HUNDREDS of bridge players don't and won't play contract. These people, however, must have seen a rubber or two played at contract, and they can't very well have avoided reading innumerable articles about it. Now, the one thing that sticks out about contract is the way it rubbed in that all-important yet elementary principle—the necessity of arriving at the best "fit" of the two hands. No one can deny that this is the big lesson taught by contract (albeit the methods employed to arrive at this end at times are peculiar, and, indeed, often defeat its object), and so it is only reasonable to suppose that, after what they have seen and read about contract, auctioneers would have learnt this lesson.

Unfortunately—at any rate, in certain auction circles—this self-evident proposition has not yet been grasped. I was playing auction one day last week, and found the old-fashioned bidding idiosyncrasies as popular as ever; the semi-pre-emptive two-in-a-suit opening was going great guns. This bid, as my readers must know, is, in my opinion, the worst possible opening at auction, and, with the exception of the Sims' two-bid, when the player must hold GAME IN HIS OWN HAND, it is just as bad at contract. What advantage of any sort or kind auctioneers can find in a two-club or two-diamond opening is a complete mystery. It can't shut out opponents, and it can't result in game unless partner holds a smasher, in which case a "one" opening or a Pass will have the same result. The two-spade or heart bid may (against timid adversaries) shut out; nine times out of ten it shuts out partner, and then, more often than not, the hand is played in a dead "misfit"; when it does not shut out partner, the "one" bid or even a Pass would work as well. It's a nasty thing to say, but I fear it is true—the only explanation of this two-opening bid is a selfish desire on the part of the bidder to play the hand at all costs; this being so, it is useless for partner to take-out, for assuredly original caller will re-bid and so make bad worse!

The pre-emptive bid should be made only when it seems advisable to shut out *all* players, and then the bid must definitely shut out; three in a major suit or four diamonds, as a rule, will hold the play, but before making such a high call make sure that there is a sound reason for it. Thus on K, Q, Kn, 9, 8, 7, 6 of diamonds and a guarded king, bid four diamonds; on Q, Kn, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6 of hearts, with one outside trick, bid three hearts. These bids may come to a sticky end, but, if they hold the play and save the game, they have served their purpose; the original two-bid serves no purpose.

I came across one bid at this game of auction that made me gasp. I bid one no-trump, and my partner jumped to four spades! I wondered what could be at the back of this bid, and at the end of the play, which resulted in small slam, I asked my partner, very gently: "Why *four* spades?" I was told, with some asperity: "Because I was sure to make it, and, as we made six, I don't know what you are complaining about." (I was not complaining; I was just marvelling!)

There is an amusing sequel. We changed partners, and opponent, B, bid two no-trumps, which was jumped to four spades by A. These were the hands—

Spades—A, 2. Clubs—A, K, Q, 9, 8.
Hearts—A, 9, 8. Diamonds—A, 3, 2.

B

Spades—None. Spades—K, 5, 4, 3.
Hearts—K, 10, 7, 6. Y Z Hearts—Q, 5, 4, 3.
Clubs—10, 7, 6, 5, 4. Clubs—None.
Diamonds—Q, 10, 9, 8. Diamonds—Kn, 7, 6, 5, 4.

A

Spades—Q, Kn, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6. Clubs—Kn, 3, 2.
Hearts—Kn, 2. Diamonds—K.

Y led a club. I (Z) ruffed. My lead now was a shot in the dark. I selected a heart. A played the knave, Y the king, and B took with the ace, and led the ace and another trump. I won the second spade trick, and was in a quandary—how to get my partner in to give me another club ruff? The only hope was that A's knave of hearts was a bluff, and that, by chance, my partner held the 10 of hearts. My luck was dead in, and the lead of a *small* heart did put the lead with B, who kindly led another club; so AB were one down! All this, of course, was astonishingly lucky for us and unlucky for B; at the same time, it shows the absurdity of making bids at bridge that lack card- or common-sense. Again, the only possible object at the back of these four spade jump-bids was a selfish insistence on playing the hand, and selfishness has no place at bridge—although, of course, if you know your partner to be a hopelessly bad player of the cards, then it may be as well to relieve him (and yourself) of the strain by jumping him out of declarer's position.

The Sketch CROSS-WORD COUPON.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

____

(See page 222.) 1/8/34.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JULY 25.

Across.—1. Silence. 5. Pool. 7. R.S.V.P. 10. Porcupine. 11. Peep. 13. Ease. 15. Fennel. 18. Astern. 20. Servant. 21. Abed. 22. Aria. 23. Anodyne. 24. Fate. 25. Shoe. 26. Gentian. 28. Loiter. 31. Signet. 34. Anon. 37. Cage. 38. Aigrettes. 39. Soda. 40. Spas. 41. Latchet.

Down.—1. Slopes. 2. Lock. 3. Nape. 4. Ernest. 5. Pipe. 6. Open. 8. Seat. 9. Pier. 12. Entertain. 14. Searching. 15. Fearful. 16. Leander. 17. Avidity. 18. Ananias. 19. Nearest. 26. Genial. 27. Nicest. 29. Oars. 30. Toad. 32. Gasp. 33. Eels. 35. Grit. 36. Itch.

FROM OUR VILLAGE.

(*Continued from Page 198.*)

wouldn't come at all. I didn't tell the Dickensons you were going to be here, for the same reason. They have their feelings as well as you, dear, and I don't suppose they'd dream of coming if they thought they were going to meet you and Arthur. What are you doing, Margaret? Pussy doesn't want to go out again—he always says when he wants to go out. Please sit down again at once, dear, because I can't possibly go on running about all over the room after you, trying to get the wool properly wound. No, Margaret, you can't just say you're going home like that. You deliberately came to have tea with me, and tea has been ordered, and—— Look at that cat! He distinctly heard the word *tea*, and he knows perfectly well it always means milk. All right, pussy, dear, you shall have some in a moment.

So now, Margaret, I want you just to forget anything that may have gone wrong between you and the Dickensons, and treat them exactly as you would anybody else. And I'm sure you'll find them only too ready to do the same. Well, dear, I can only say that you're showing a most un-Christian spirit, and putting me into a thoroughly awkward position besides. What on earth am I to say to that dreadful cousin next time I meet her, teeth and all? I told the poor girl that it only needed a little tact to put everything right, and that it was simply a question of bringing you and the Dickensons face to face.

And now you behave like this. No, dear, please don't give another thought to the poor fishermen shivering on the Dogger Bank or in the North Sea or wherever it is. They'll have to manage without their warm woollies, that's all. Naturally, I can't wind the wool *and* hold it at one and the same time. It isn't reasonable to expect it. Go home by all means, dear, if you'd rather. I quite thought Arthur was dropping in on his way home from the golf-links, but I dare say he can easily be told at the door not to come in on any account. As if we had the *plague* in the house! No doubt that sort of thing often happened in mediæval times—the Black Death and all that—but, personally, I hoped we'd become rather more civilised by this time. However, no doubt I was mistaken, as I often am.

Very well, Margaret, if you're sorry there's no more to be said. Sit down again, dear—— Oh, pussy's taken your chair! Naughty puss! . . . Still, I dare say you'll be more comfortable in an upright one. There's the bell! Now, I know you're going to be just your bright, natural self, and everything will be perfectly all right. And, after all, the Dickensons may have their faults—we're none of us perfect—but at any rate their teeth don't stick out like that unfortunate cousin's. . . .

MISS D. C. BRAYNE, 108, Baker Street, W.1, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle in our issue of July 18 to be first opened on Monday morning, July 23. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"TOUCH WOOD" (Haymarket). 8.15.—Another triumph for C. L. Anthony. Cast, acting, and production first-rate. Marie Ney, Flora Robson, Ian Hunter, Dorothy Hyson.

THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE, Regent's Park. 8.30.—Season of Shakespeare and other plays, and ballet; delightful surroundings, fine acting and dancing.

"QUEEN OF SCOTS" (New). 8.30.—Clever portrait of the unhappy Queen by Gwen ffrangçon-Davies. Excellent production, acting, and settings.

"BALLETS RUSSES" (Covent Garden). 8.45.—Diaghilev glories revived by Colonel de Basil's troupe. Orchestra admirable.

"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Savoy). 8.30.—Leslie Banks as the hero.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"LIVING DANGEROUSLY" (Strand). 8.30.—Exciting melodrama of two doctors. Good acting. Godfrey Tearle, Martin Walker, Carol Goodner.

"VINTAGE WINE" (Daly's). 8.30.—Seymour Hicks in effervescence and deception. Claire Luce as his young wife, and Julia Neilson as his mother.

"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?" (Palace). 8.30.—Revue. Brilliant mimicry by Nelson Keys and Hermione Baddeley, Greta Nissen, Gina Malo, and the Diamond Bros. also helping.

"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30.—Edmund Gwenn excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy.

"MEN IN WHITE" (Lyric). 8.30.—Gripping drama with a hospital setting.

"SIXTEEN" (Criterion). 8.30.—Whimsical drama, brilliantly acted by cast including Owen Nares, Muriel Aked, and Antoinette Cellier.

"SPORTING LOVE" (Gaiety). 8.30.—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino in a rollicking show; good music and dancing.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD" (Tivoli).—George Arliss at his best.

"MAN OF ARAN" (Polytechnic).—For its magnificent photography and fine natural acting.

"WINGS OVER EVEREST" (Polytechnic).—Chronicle of the Houston Mount Everest flight.

"SHE LOVES ME NOT" (Carlton).—Bing Crosby and Miriam Hopkins in a college farce with music.

"A CUP OF KINDNESS" (New Gallery).—The old Aldwych team in fine form.

"THE HOUSE OF CONNOLLY" (Regal).—Leisurely southern romance with Janet Gaynor and Lionel Barrymore.

"SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY" (Capitol).—Good acting in sophisticated conversation piece.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"MEN IN WHITE" (Empire).—Hospital drama.

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AUSTRIA.

Badgastein.—(The world's most radio-active thermal springs)—**"Der Kaiserhof."**—The hotel of dis., com, serv. Unriv. pos. in own vast park.

BELGIUM.

Brussels.—Grand Hotel.—Near Stock Exchange. All modern comfort. Reputed for good style. Free Garage.

Blankenberghe.—Hotel Pauwels d'Hondt.—Finest sit. F'c'ng sea. Wonderful sands. 140 rms. Exc'll'nt kitchen. Full board terms from Fr. 60.

Bruges.—Hotel de Flandre and Restaurant.—First class comforts in old world surroundings. Garden Restaurant.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel. Facing sea and bathing, near Tennis. Golf. Casino. Pension from 65 Frs. Tels.: Palace Knocke. Tel. No. 8.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Jersey.—Links Hotel.—On Royal Jersey Golf Course. American Bar. Bathing, Tennis, 11 acres gardens. A.A. Apply for terms.

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Franzensbad.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The leading first-class Hotel with all modern comfort, best situation with own beautiful park.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Champs Elysées—**Hotel de Delft.**—30 Rue Montaigne. Good fam. Hotel. Quiet, comf. Good cuisine. Full board from 40 Frs.

Paris.—Hotel Galilee.—41 Rue Galilée (Etoile). Garden. Renowned Cooking. Rooms fr. 20 Frs. Pens. from 55 Frs. Cables Galiléotel.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Bristol. — First-class. From Francs 70 daily. Near sea.—G. S. Heathcote, M.V.O., O.B.E., Proprietor.

Le Touquet.—Regina Hotel.—Latest 1st-class Hotel on beach. Opp. swimming pool. Casino 200 yds. Mod. Rates. H. Mosesco, Manager.

Lyons.—Carlton Hotel.
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Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

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GERMANY.

Baden-Baden. — Black Forest. — **"Brenner's Stephanie"** and **"Brenner's Park."**—Baccara, 18-hole Golf, Swimming Pool.

Baden-Baden. — Hotel Europe. — 200 beds. First-class. Rooms from RM. 4.50. Situated in the Kurpark opposite Casino.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Baden-Baden.—Bad Hotel "Zum Hirsch"—150 beds. All comfort. Rooms with priv. thermal baths. Pension Mk.: 9—up.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue."—The well-known family hotel in 5 acres own park. Most reasonable rates.

Baden-Baden, Holland Hotel.—150 beds, large own park. Close Casino. Personal management of proprietor: H. A. Rössler.

Bad Nauheim.—"Der Kaiserhof."—First-class hotel. Large garden fcg. baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension fr. RM. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Carlton Kurhaus.—Strictly 1st-class. Best English clients. Home-like in every way.

Bad Nauheim. — Hotel Augusta Victoria. Situated directly opposite Bath-houses, Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales. Family Hotel pref. by Englishmen. All mod. comfort. Mod. prices, ex. cuisine. Prop.: A. Leuner.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from RM. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1934.

Bad Nauheim. — Park Hotel. First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Coblence.—Hotel Riesen-Fürstenhof. 1st class. Terrace overlooking the Rhine. Full Pension 9 Mks. up—room 4 Mks. up.

Cologne. — Hotel Comoedienhof. — Dignified hotel with all com. Near Cathedral. Rooms fr. RM. 4, with p.b. fr. RM. 8. Man. A. Grieshaber.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. World renowned. Unique position on the River G'n-P'k, Ter's, Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Leadg.hotel, r. fr. RM. 5—w. bath fr. RM. 9.—Amer. Bar—Orch.—Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Freiburg im Breisgau.—Römischer Kaiser.—The house that lives up to its distinguished history. Reas'n'ble r'tes. Trout fishing Shooting

Garmisch. — Bavarian Alps. — **Sonnenbichl.**—Golf Hotel, facing the Zugspitze. 1st-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First class—quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 RM.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perft. Htl. bldng. Select home of intern. Soc. and Arist'cy. Mangd. by M. Hartung. Council of Com.

Rüdesheim a. Rhein.—Hotel Darmstädter Hof.—Leading House, 75 beds, famous cuisine and wines.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Schlangenbad, Kurhaus Hotel.—Greatest and most fashionable Hotel in Schlangenbad. Tea Concert. Dancing. Lock-up Garages.

Triberg.—Park Hotel Wehrle.—
First-class. Homelike.
Full Pension from RM.9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—(1st Cl.) family hotel—300 beds—medical bath in the Hotel—Golf—Tennis—Garage—Pen. fr. Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Rose.—World - renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pension from 11 Marks. Thermal baths.

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Rome. — Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs. — Near Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comfort. Very special reduced rates.

Brioni.—Hotel Brioni.—The fash'ble Island of all Sports. Golf (18 holes), Polo, Sail'g, Fish'g, Tennis, Shoot'g, Beach. Perfect resort for holidays.

Courmayeur (Aosta).—In the heart of the Alps.—**Royal Hotel Bertolini.**—100 rms. Baths. Grdn. Orchestra. Tennis. Pension from Lire 40.

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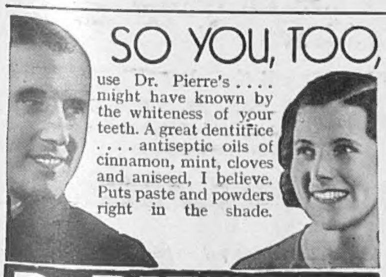

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